

# ALZIRA.

OR

Spanish INSULT Repented:

A

## TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted

*Will (A.)*

At the THEATRE-ROYAL<sup>R</sup>

IN

DRURY-LANE.

EDINBURGH:

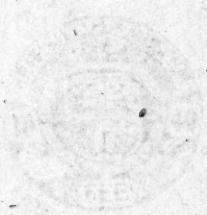
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T O  
His ROYAL HIGHNESS  
F R E D E R I C  
Prince of WALES.

S I R,

**T**HO' a prince is born a patron, yet the benevolent disposition of his heart gives a nobler title to the homage of the arts, than all the greatness of his power, to protect them. — Their respect is (either way) so much your Royal Highness's unquestion'd due, that he, who asks your leave to offer it, calls in question your prerogative; or means to sell his acknowledgments.

THEY have not mark'd, with penetration, the distinction of your spirit, who dare look upon you as inclos'd, against the access of sincerity. The judgment, and humanity, of princes are obscur'd, by too much difficulty in approaching them. Nor can the benefactors of mankind be so far inconsistent with themselves, as to interpose the obstacles, of distance, or cold ceremony, between their goodness, and our gratitude.

IT were indeed, some violation of the last, not to devote ALZIRA to the hand, that honour'd her, in public, with an applause so warm, and weighty, at her first appearance on the *English* theatre.—When tragedies are strong in sentiment, they will be touchstones to their hearers hearts. The narrow, and inhumane,  
will

will be unattentive, or unmov'd : while princely spirits like your Royal Highness's, (impell'd by their own conscious tendency) shew an example, in their generous sensibility, how great thoughts are receiv'd, by those, who can think greatly.

YOUR Royal Highness, so persisting to keep reason and nature in countenance at the theatres, wou'd universally establish, what you so openly avow. For, if where men love, they imitate, your example will be copied, by so many millions, that the influence of your attraction must soon plant your taste: and overspread three kingdoms with your laurels.

It may at present be a fruitless, but it can never be an irrational wish, that a theatre intirely new, (if not rather the old ones, new-modell'd) professing only what is serious, and manly, and made sacred to the interests of wisdom, and virtue, might arise, under some powerful and popular protection—to what lengths of improvement, wou'd not such a spur provoke genius!—or, shou'd it fail to do that, it wou'd make manifest, at least, that rather wit is wanting, than encouragement: and, that these opprobrious excrescencies of our stage, which, under the disguise of entertainments, have defam'd, and insulted, a people, had a meaner derivation, than from the hope of delighting our princes.

It has been a misfortune to poetry, in this nation, that it was, too superciliously, under-rated: and, (to acknowledge truth, on both sides) for the most part, practis'd too lightly. ——— But, by those who consider it according to the demand of its character, it will be found intitled, beyond many other arts, to the political affection of princes: for, as the great Sir *Francis Bacon*

## DEDICATION.

*Bacon* has remark'd, while history but waits on fortune, with too servile a restriction, poetry corrects, and commands her:—because, rectifying the obliquity of natural events, by a more equitable formation of rational ones, the poet, instead of constraining the mind to successes, adapts, and calls out events, to the measures of reason, and virtue : maintaining providence triumphant, against the oppositions of nature, and accident.

DRAMATIC poetry, in this bold purpose, acts with most immediate, and manifest, consequence ; because, assembling together all that animates, invites, or inforces, it works, with incredible influence, upon the passions of a people : after they have been refin'd, and induc'd, to its relish. —It does this, in so confess'd a degree, that our great philosopher, above-named, beautifully calls it the bow of the mind :—as if he had said, the stage is an instrument, in the hands of the poet, as capable of giving modulation, and tone, to the heart ;—as the bow, to the violin, in the hand of a musician.

THERE is another advantage, in poetry, which still further intitles it to the protection of princes, who are lovers (like your Royal Highness) of ages which are only to hear of them.—Other arts have some single, and limited, effect : but the creations of poetry, have a power to multiply their species, in new and emulative successions of virtue, and heroism : the seeds, as it were, of those passions, which produce noble qualities, being sown in all poems of genius.

IF such desirable effects are, now, less common than antiently, it is only where a tuneful emptiness is mistaken for poetry ; and, a calm, cold, sense, convey'd in unpassionate metre : whereas poetry has no element, but passion ; and therefore, rhyme, turn, measure, are but fruitless affectations, where a spirit is not found, that gives the heat, and the enthusiasm ;—the poet,  
to

to say all, in a word, who can be read, without excitement of emotions in the heart, having been, busily, losing his pains ; like a smith, who wou'd fashion cold iron.——He may have the regular return, in the descent of the strokes,—the insignificant jynge, in the ring of the sound ; —and the hammering delight in the labour :—but, he has neither the penetration, the glow, —nor the sparkling.

WHEN, in some unbending moment, your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely measures, for diminishing our pretences to poetry, yet augmenting its essential growth, how kind wou'd heaven be, to the legitimate friends of the muses, shou'd it, at that time, whisper in your ear, that no art ever flourish'd (in monarchies) till the favour of the court made it fashionable ?

ON my own part, I have little to say, worth the honour of your notice on this subject ; being no more than an humble solicitor, for an event I have nothing to hope from. Not that I presume to represent myself as too Stoical, to feel the advantage of distinction. I am only too busy, to be disposed for pursuing it: having renounc'd the world, without quitting it ; that, standing aside in an uncrowded corner, I might escape being hurried along in the dust of the show ; and quietly see, and consider, the whole, as it passies : instead of acting a part in it ; and that, perhaps, but a poor one.

IN a situation, so calm, and untroubled, there arises a salutary habitude, of supposing distinction to be lodg'd in the mind ;——and ambition, in the use, and command, of the faculties.——Such a choice may be silent ; but it is not unactive.—Nay, I am afraid, he who makes it, is but a concealed kind of Epicure ; notwithstanding his pretences to forbearance, and philosophy. For, while he partakes, in full relish, all the  
unfelt



unfelt enjoyments of life, he throws nothing of it away, but its false face, and its prejudices.—He takes care to live at peace, in the very centre of malice, and faction : for, viewing greatness, without hope, he views it, also, without envy.

UPON the whole, tho' there may be a suspicion of something too selfish, in this personal system of liberty, it will free a man, in a moment, from all those byassing partialities, which hang their dead weight upon judgment ; and leave him, as disinterested a spectator of the virtues, or vices, of cotemporary greatness, as of that, which history has transmitted to him, from times he had nothing to do with.—I am, therefore, sure, it is no flattery, when I congratulate your Royal Highness, on the humane glories of your future reign, and thank you for a thousand blessings, I expect not to partake of.

I am,

*With a profound respect,*

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S,

*Most obedient, and*

*Most Humble, Servant,*

A. HILL.



THE  
PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. JOHNSON.

**W**HEN cold Translation clings to copied Thought,  
And Freedom stoops to steal, what Slavery wrote,  
Such pilf'ring Poets, for their Name unfit,  
*Are Traitors: and renounce their Country's Wit.*

From a French Spring, tho', first Alzira drew,  
Her Stream runs English, now, and flows for You.  
Rich Britain borrows, but with generous End;  
*Whate'er She takes, from France, She takes to mend.*

Not that the French want Fire—but waste its Rage:  
Rant in the Field—to sleep upon the Stage.

French Wit is like French Politics—fine drawn:  
But thin, and flimsy—A mere Cobweb-Lawn.  
England weaves slow, but strong:—with doubtful Head-  
Hangs, o'er the Shuttle—but strikes Home the Thread.

Rouse her lost Muse---re-wake her slumb'ring Scene:  
Teach Shew, to animate---and Sound, to mean.  
Now, while, slow-drawn, your dreaded Swords prevail,  
And Commerce, 'Spite of Envy, spreads her Sail;  
Stoop not to forfeit, Wit's all bright'ning Claim:  
Arms, Trade, and Pen should guard the Conqueror's Fame.

Taste, for Yourselves.---Be all French Power disdain'd!  
Not ev'n a Slave, will bear his Fancy chain'd.  
Off with their fripp'ry Modes: their Kings in vain,  
Attempt You.---Shall their Cooks, and Tailors, reign?  
Cross 'em---in Dress, Taste, Treaties, Arms---and Dance.  
Scorn, ev'n a Step, that leaves the Lead, to France.  
Smile, at the Pride their light Stage-Caperer feels!  
Firm-standing Britons need no flying Heels.

Bless'd Isle! while every groaning Nation, round,  
Bends to the servile Yoke, ignobly bound!

Thou!

# P R O L O G U E.

9

*Thou! from their Confines, and their Mis'ries, rent,  
Safe, Sea-set, Gem! thy own Great Continent!  
Shew'st a tame, truckling World, One gen'rous Land,  
Where Power ne'er prosper'd,---in a Tyrant's Hand!*

*To-night, new Stars, that gild an alien Pole,  
Flame from the South, with free-born Fire of Soul.  
Gems, from Peru, Rarer than Gold, we bring:  
A People, sav'd from Slav'ry---by their King!  
Rome's bloody Sword-knot, by Church-Ribbands tied:  
And Zeal, and Depredation, close allied!  
Insult reveng'd, by Freedom's broken Chain:  
Repul'd Ambition---and corrected Spain.  
Lend your brave Hands---Besfriend our Patriot-Cause.  
What Briton wars---on Liberty, and Laws!*

*Oh, Liberty! thou Sun-shine of the Heart!  
Thou Smile of Nature! and thou Soul of Art!  
Without thy Aid, no human Hope cou'd grow:  
And Love, and Wealth, and Wisdom, were but---Woe!  
Here you must dwell.---Thy Face no Slave dares see:  
And who, not British born, is now left free?*

*Hitber, from Rome, thy Taste, thy Genius, flies:  
For Fancy cannot live---where Courage dies.  
Hail, my Last Hope, she cries---Inspir'd by me,  
Wish, think, talk, write, and act,---for Liberty.*

*Yet---wou'd you build my Fabric, to endure,  
Be your Hearts warm---but, let your Hands, be pure.  
Never, to shine, Yourself, Your country sell.  
Displac'd, think nobly: when in Power, act well.  
Combine, like modern---fight, like antient Rome.  
War but abroad---O, taste sweet Peace, at home.  
Let no Self-server General Trust betray.  
No Pique, no Party, bar the Public Way.  
Front an arm'd World, with Union on Your Side:  
No Foe shall shake you---if no Friends divide.*

B

P E R-

## PERSONS Represented.

*Don CARLOS, Viceroy of Peru, } Mr. W. Giffard.  
for the Spaniards,*

*Don ALVAREZ, Father of Don } Mr. Giffard.  
Carlos, and former Viceroy.*

*ZAMOR, Indian Sovereign, of one } Mr. Johnson.  
Part of the Country,*

*EZMONT, Indian Sovereign, of } Mr. Havard.  
another Part,*

*ALZIRA, Daughter of Ezmont, } Mrs. Giffard.*

*EMIRA, } Alzira's Women.  
CEPHANIA,*

*Spanish and American Captains and Soldiers.*

**SCENE, in the City of LIMA.**

# A L Z I R A.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

DON ALVAREZ, DON CARLOS.

ALVAREZ.

**A**T length, the council, partial to my pray'r,  
Has, to a son, I love, transferr'd my pow'r.  
*Carlos*, rule, happy : be a *Viceroy*, long !  
Long, for thy prince, and for thy God, maintain  
This younger, richer, lovelier, half the globe ;  
Too fruitful, heretofore, in wrongs, and blood :  
Crimes, the lamented growths of pow'ful gold !  
Safe, to thy abler hand, devolve resign'd,  
Those sov'reign honours, which oppress'd my years,  
And dimm'd the feeble lamp of wasted age.

*Car.* Long may it shine, and warm us with its rays !

*Alv.* It has too long, but not unuseful, flam'd.

I, first, o'er word'ring *Mexico*, in arms,  
March'd the new horrors of a world unknown !  
I steer'd the floating tow'rs of fearless *Spain*  
Through the plow'd bosom of an untried sea.

Too happy, had my labours been so blest'd,  
To change my brave associates rugged souls,  
And soften stubborn heroes into men.

Their



Their cruelties, my son, eclips'd their glory :  
And I have wept a conqu'ror's splendid shame,  
Whom heav'n not better made, and, yet, made, great !

Weary'd at length, I reach my life's last verge ;  
Where I shall, peaceful, veil my eyes in rest ;  
If, ere they close, they but behold my *Carlos*  
Ruling *Potosi's* realm, by Christian laws,  
And making gold more rich, by gifts from heav'n.

*Car.* Taught and supported, by your great example,  
I learnt, beneath your eye, to conquer, realms,  
Which, by your councils, I may learn to govern ;  
Giving those laws, I first receive from you.

*Alv.* Not so. — Divided pow'r is pow'r disarm'd.  
Out-worn by labour, and decay'd by time,  
Pomp is no more my wish. Enough, for me,  
That, heard in council, age may temper rashness.

*Car.* Were it not nobler, still to hold fast pow'r ?

*Alv.* Trust me, mankind but ill rewards the pains  
Of over-prompt ambition. — 'Tis, now, time  
To give my long-neglected God those hours,  
Which close the languid period of my days.

One only gift I ask : refuse not that.  
As friend, I ask it ; and, as father, claim.  
Pardon those poor *Americans*, condemn'd,  
For wand'ring hither, and, this morning, seiz'd.  
To my disposal give 'em kindly up,  
That liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.  
A day like this should merit smiles from all ;  
And mercy, soft'ning justice, mark it bless'd.

*Car.* Sir, all, that fathers ask, they must command.  
Yet, condescend to recollect, how far  
Compassion, undeserv'd, might hazard all.

*Alv.* Curious, but innocent, they straggled hither.

*Car.* In infant-towns, like ours, methinks 'twere safe,  
Not to familiarize these savage clans.  
If we permit their spies to look too near us,  
We teach 'em, at our cost, to slight those fires,  
They once flew trembling from, when distant seen.

Frowning



Frowning revenge, and sounds of awful dread,  
 Not smiling pity, tames these sullen souls.  
 The four *American*, unbroke, and wild,  
 Spurs, with indignant rage, and bites his chain;  
 Humble, if punish'd; if regarded, fierce.  
 Pow'r sickens by forbearance: rigid men,  
 Who feel not pity's pangs, are best obey'd.  
*Spaniards*, 'tis true, impell'd by honour's laws,  
 Submit, unurm'ring; and, unforc'd, go right:  
 But barb'rous nations must be held by fear;  
 Rein'd, and spurr'd hard, and bow'd to due controul.  
 The gods themselves, in this ferocious clime,  
 Till they look grim with blood, excite no dread.

*Alv.* Away, my son, with these detested schemes!  
 Perish such politic reproach of rule!

Are not we captains in our Maker's cause,  
 O'er a new Christian world to stretch his name,  
 His peaceful name! and shall we dare convert  
 By murders, which our holy cheats call zeal?  
 Shall we dispeople realms, and kill, to save?

No, my misguided *Carlos*, the broad eye  
 Of our Creator takes in all mankind.  
 His laws expand the heart; and rev'rend madmen,  
 Who, by destruction, would extend belief,  
 Stamp in these *Indians* honest breasts a scorn  
 Of all we teach, from what they see, we do.

*Car.* Yet, the learn'd props of our unerring church  
 Taught my late youth, committed to their care,  
 That ignorance, averse, must be compell'd.

*Alv.* Our priests are all for vengeance, force, and fire:  
 And only in his thunder, act their god.  
 Hence, we seem thieves; and what we seem, we are.  
*Spain* has robb'd every growth of this new world,  
 But its plain, honest, nature!——vain, unjust,  
 Proud, cruel, covetous, we, we, alone,  
 Are the *Barbarians*, here!——an *Indian* heart  
 Equals, in courage, the most prompt of ours;  
 But, in simplicity of artless truth,  
 And every in-felt virtue's warmth, excels us.

*Car.*

*Car.* Were polish'd manners theirs, their truth were lovely.

*Alv.* Had they, like us, been bloody ; had they not By pity's pow'r been mov'd, and mercy's love ; No son of mine had heard a father, now, Reprove his erring rashness.—You forget, That, when a pris'ner, in their hands, then lately Gall'd and provok'd by ev'ry cruel wrong, When I alone surviv'd, some *Indian* archers Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my name.

At once their bows, unbrac'd, o'erspread the ground ; And a young savage chief, whom, yet, I know not, Graceful, approach'd ; and, kneeling, press'd my knees.

"*Alvarez!* is it you, (he cry'd)—live, long !

" Ours be your virtue, but not ours your blood !

" Live——and instruct oppressors, to be lov'd."

—Bless'd be those tears, my son !—I think, you weep ! Joy to your soft'ning soul ! humanity.

Has pow'r, in nature's right, beyond a father.

*Car.* He who unmov'd can hear such worth, has none.

*Alv.* But, from what motive sprung this late decline, From clemency of heart to new-born rigour ?

Had you been always cruel, with what brow

Cou'd you have hop'd to charm the lov'd *Alzira* ?

Heirefs to realms, dispeopled by your sword !

At once your captive, she—and conqu'ror, too.

Trust me,——with women worth a wise man's wish,

The softest lover, ever, best succeeds.

*Car.* Sir, I obey : your pleasure breaks their chains ; But is it not our duty to convert 'em ?

So, runs the king's command.—So, wills the church.

So, thrives religion, and compels the blind :

So, draws our holy altar souls, by force,

Till opposition dies, and sleeps in peace :

So, links, a govern'd world, in faith's strong chain ;

And but one monarch serves ; and but one God.

*Alv.* Hear me, my son.—That, crown'd, in this new world,

Religion may erect her holy throne,

Is what, with ardent zeal, my soul desires!  
 Let heav'n and *Spain* find, here, no future foe!  
 Yet, ne'er shall persecution's offspring thrive:  
 For the forc'd heart submits but to resist.  
 Reason gains all men, by compelling none.  
 Mercy was always heav'n's distinguish'd mark:  
 And he, who bears it not, has no friend there.

*Car.* Your reasons, like your arms, are sure to conquer.  
 I am instructed, and ennobled, by 'em!  
 Indulgent virtue dwells in all you say,  
 And softens, while you speak, the list'ning soul!  
 Since heav'n has bless'd you with this pow'rful gift,  
 To breathe persuasion, and un-charm resolves,  
 Pronounce me favour'd, and you make me so.  
 Warm my *Alzira's* coldness; mould her heart;  
 And teach her to be mine.——I love that maid,  
 Spite of my pride! blush at it—but, love on,  
 Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding scorn,  
 Unman the soldier, in the lover's cause.  
 I cannot fan, too long, this hopeless flame;  
 But I can die, to quench it.——Aid my passion:  
 You can do all things with *Alzira's* father.  
 —Bid him command his daughter to be kind.  
 Bid him—but, whither would my love mislead me!  
 Forgive the blind presumption, of a wish,  
 That, to my weakness stoops my father's rank;  
 And sends him, beggar to an *Indian's* door!

*Alv.* 'Tis done, already. I have urg'd it to him.  
*Exmont* has mov'd his daughter, in your cause:  
 Wait the prepar'd event. Heav'n has been kind;  
 Since these illustrious captives, both, are Christians:  
*Exmont*, my convert, and his daughter, his.  
*Alzira* governs a whole people's mind:  
 Each watchful *Indian* reads her study'd eye,  
 And to her heart's first wish, conforms his own.  
 Your marriage will unite two distant worlds:  
 For, when the stern repiner at our pow'r,  
 Sees, in your arms, the daughter of his King,  
 His willing neck shall court the yoke he scorn'd.

Look,

Look, where good *Exmont* comes!—Retire, my son:  
And leave me to complete the task begun. [*Exit Car.*]

*Enter EZMONT.*

Welcome, my friend: your council, or command  
Has left, I hope, *Alzira* well resolv'd.

*Exm.* Great father of the friendless!—Pardon, yet,  
If one, whose sword seem'd fatal to her race,  
Keeps her heart cold, with some remains of horror.  
We move with ling'ring steps, to those we fear.

But prejudice will fly, before your voice;  
Whose winning manners consecrate your laws.—  
To you, who gave us heav'n, our earth is due.  
Yours our new being! our enlighten'd souls!  
*Spain* may hold realms, by purchase of her sword:  
And worlds may yield to pow'r—but we to virtue.

*Alv.* 'Twas heav'n's the glorious change——Be  
heav'n's the praise!

*Exm.* Your bloody nation's unsucceeding pride  
Had made their God disgustful as their crimes!  
We saw him, hateful, in their murd'rous zeal;  
But lov'd him, in your mercy.—From your heart,  
His influence stream'd accepted: and my crown,  
My daughter, and my soul, became your slaves.  
Father, at once, of *Carlos*, and of me,  
I give him my *Alzira*, for your sake:  
And, with her, give *Potosi*, and *Peru*.  
Summon the rev'rent choir; prepare the rites:  
And trust my promise, for my daughter's will.

*Alv.* Bless'd be the long-wish'd union—This joy past;  
I shall go down in peace, and hail my grave.

Thou! great Inspirer! whose almighty hand  
Drew the dark veil aside, that screen'd a world,  
Smile on these nuptials, which, confirm'd by thee,  
Shall, in one empire, grasp the circled globe,  
And task the sun's whole round, to measure *Spain*!

*Exmont*, farewell—I go, to greet my son,  
With welcome news, how much he owes my friend. [*Ex.*]

EZMONT,



EZMONT, *alone.*

Oh! nameless Pow'r, unequal'd, and alone!  
Whose dreadful vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,  
My country, and her gods, too weak to save!  
Protect my failing years from new distress.  
Robb'd of my all; but one dear daughter left me!  
Oh! guard her heart; and guide her to be blis'd!

*Enter ALZIRA.*

Smile, and be happy, while good-fortune courts  
thee:

And, in thy blessing, cheer thy country's woe.  
Protect the vanquish'd: rule the victor's will:  
Seize the bent thunder, in his lifted hand;  
And, from despair's low seat, remount a throne.

*Alz.* I have no wish to charm—no joy, to reign.

*Ezm.* Lend the lov'd public thy reluctant heart;  
And, in the joy of millions, find thy own.

Nay, do not weep, *Alzira*: tears will now,  
Seem insults; and reproach thy father's care.

*Alz.* Sir, if *Alzira's* peace was ever dear,  
Shut not your ear to my despairing grief.

*Ezm.* Urge it no more: it is an ill-tim'd sorrow.  
Away! I had thy kind consent before.

*Alz.* No—You compel the frightful sacrifice:  
And, ah! remorseless heav'n!——at what a time!  
When the rais'd sword of this all-murd'ring lover  
Hangs o'er my people's heads, with threat'ning sway,  
To strike the trembling remnant from my fight,  
And mark my nuptial day, their day of death!  
Omens on omens have pronounc'd it curs'd.

*Ezm.* Quit these vain fears, these superstitious dreams  
Of unconfiding ignorance! What day?  
What omens?—We ourselves, who chuse our acts,  
Make our own days, or happy, or accurs'd.

*Alz.* 'Twas on this day, the pride of all our state,  
*Zamor*, the great the warlike *Zamor*, fell;  
*Zamor*, my lover, and your purpos'd son.

C

*Ezm.*



*Exm.* Zamor was brave: and I have mourn'd his fall.  
 But the cold grave dissolves ev'n lovers' vows.  
 Bear to the altar, then, a heart resolv'd:  
 And bid thy summon'd virtue prop thy weakness,  
 Is not thy soul enroll'd a Christian? hear me.  
 The awful Pow'r, that lent the Christians name,  
 Speaks, in my voice; commands thee to be won.  
 Hear him: and learn obedience to his will.

*Alz.* Alas, my father! spare this dreadful zeal.  
 Has not the parent spoke? why speaks the God?  
 I know, and I confess, a father's pow'r:  
 At his command, to sacrifice the life  
 He gave me, is a duty, nature taught.  
 But, my obedience passes nature's bounds;  
 Whate'er I see, is, with my father's eyes;  
 Whate'er I love, is, with my father's taste;  
 I chang'd my very gods, and took my father's.  
 Yet, has this father, piously severe,  
 Wrong'd my believing weakness, and undone me.

You told me, to compose my troubled heart,  
 Peace held her dwelling at the altar's foot;  
 You told me, that religion cur'd despair;  
 And soften'd every pang, that pierc'd the soul.  
 All, all, was kind deceit! all, dear delusion!  
 Mix'd with th' impression of an awful God  
 A human image struggles in my heart,  
 And checks my willing virtue, in its rising.  
*Zamor*, tho' dead to nature, lives, to love.  
*Zamor* still triumphs in *Alzira's* breast;  
 Lord of her soul, and holds back all her wishes.

You frown—Alas! you blame a guilt you caus'd.  
 Quench then this flame, for one you bad me love,  
 And force me to be his, whom most I hate.  
 If my dear country calls, I must resign.

Yet, when you drag me to the altar's foot,  
 Tremble, to hear my tongue deceive my God;  
 To hear me, to your dreadful choice devote  
 A heart, that beats unchang'd, another's due.

*Exm.*

*Exm.* Alas, my child, what unweigh'd words are these!

Pity my age, unfit for length'ning woes:  
Weakness asks rest: pity these falling tears.

By all our fates, that all depend on thee,  
Let me conjure thee, to be bless'd, thyself;  
Nor close in wretchedness my life's last scene.  
Why wou'd I live, but to redeem thy hopes?  
For thy own sake, not mine, assist my care.  
Blast not the rip'ning prospect of thy peace,  
Hard, and, with labour'd patience, slowly grown.  
Now, on thy instant choice, depends thy fate!  
Why said I thine? 'tis a whole people's fate!  
Wilt thou betray 'em? have they other help?  
Have they one hope, but thee?—think, think, *Alzira*;  
And nobly lose thyself, to save a state. [Exit.

*Alz.* Cruel accomplishment! sublime defect!  
So strain we virtues, to become a throne,  
Till public duty drowns our private truth.

*Enter DON CARLOS.*

*Car.* Princess, you give a lover cause to doubt;  
That this long labour of your slow consent  
Springs from a heart too cold to feel his flame.

While, for your sake, suspended law forbears  
To punish rebels, whom you wish to save,  
Ungrateful, you demand a nation's freedom;  
Yet, bind, in recompence, my chains, more close!  
But, misconceive me not.—I would not owe  
A soften'd sentiment to having serv'd you:  
That were to bribe a heart my pride would win.  
I should mix blushes with a bridegroom's joy,  
If, as my perquisite of pow'r, I gain'd you.  
Let me attract, not sentence—I would owe you,  
All, to yourself: nor could I taste a pleasure,  
That, in your giving it, might cost you pain.

*Alz.* Join, in my fruitless pray'rs to angry heav'n!—  
This dreadful day comes charg'd with pains, for both.  
—No wonder you detect my troubled soul:

It bursts unveil'd from my reproachful eyes,  
 And glows on ev'ry feature's honest air.  
 Such is the plainness of an *Indian* heart,  
 That it disdains to sculk behind the tongue;  
 But throws out all its wrongs, in all its rage.  
 She who can hide her purpose, can betray:  
 And that's a Christian virtue, I've not learnt.

*Car.* I love your frankness, but reproach its cause.

*Zamor*, remember'd *Zamor*, speaks, in this.

With hatred, stretch'd beyond th' extent of life,  
 He crosses, from the tomb, his conqueror's will;  
 And, felt thro' death, revenges rival love.

Cease to complain, and you may learn to hear.  
 My fame, your duty, both, require a change.  
 And, I must wish, it were from tears, to joy.

*Alz.* A rival's grave should bury jealousy.

But, whence your right, to censure sorrow for him?  
 I lov'd him: I proclaim it. Had I not,  
 I had been blind to sense, and lost to reason.

*Zamor* was all the prop of our fall'n world:  
 And (but he lov'd me much) confess'd no weakness!  
 Had I not mourn'd a fate, he not deserv'd,  
 I had deserv'd the fate, he felt unjustly.

For you,—be proud no more: but dare be honest.  
 Far from presuming to reproach my tears,  
 Honour my constancy; and praise my virtue.  
 Cease to regret the dues I pay the dead:  
 And merit, if you can, a heart thus faithful. [Exit.

*DON CARLOS alone.*

Spite of my fruitless passion, I approve her!  
 The pride, she darts with this sincere disdain,  
 Astonishes my hope: and charms my anger.  
 —What, then, shall I resolve?—It is more hard,  
 'To tame one female heart, than all *Peru*!  
 Nature, adapting her to suit her climate,  
 Left her all savage, yet all shining, too!

But, 'tis my duty to be master, here;  
 Where (she alone excepted) all obey.

I, who too faintly would her heart incline,  
 Can force her stubborn hand, and fix her mine.  
 Mine?—Were it mine? to chain th' unwilling guest?  
 And clasp reluctant scorn, to freeze my breast?  
 Lions love so!—'Tis man's more gen'rous part,  
 To win the willing mind, and grasp the heart.  
 Then, mix the meeting souls.—Then, love's fierce fire  
 Glows pure : and reason consecrates desire.

## A C T II.

ZAMOR, and four Indian Captains, in chains.

ZAMOR.

**F**RRIENDS! we have dar'd beyond the strength of  
 mortals!

Our courage smil'd at doubts, and grew in danger!  
 Now, let us try the brave man's last redemption—  
 Now, since we lost our vengeance, let death find us!  
 Why should we, longer, be condemn'd to life,  
 Defenceless to our country, and *Alzira*?

*Capt.* Yet, why should *Spanish Carlos* scape our swords?  
 Why thrive, beneath a weight of un-check'd crimes?

*Zam.* Add, Why has heav'n forsaken, us, and virtue?

Ye strengthless pow'rs! whose altars smoak'd in vain!  
 Gods, of a faithful, yet a cheated, people!

Why have you thus, betray'd us, to the foe?

Why had six hundred *Spanish vagrants* power  
 To crush my throne, your temples, rites, and you?

Where are your altars? where my glories, now?

Where is *Alzira*? more, herself, a god,

Than your collected queens, of fancied heav'n!

Helpless, once more, thou see'st me,—lost *Peru*!

O'er shifting sands, through desarts, cross'd in vain,

From forest-wilds impervious to the sun;

From the world's wastes, beneath the burning zone,

I brought thee unhop'd aid! the wond'ring stars

Beheld me, gath'ring from remotest wilds,

New



New strength, new prospects--and new means—to die!  
 Your arms, your furtherance, your vast support,  
 New-furnish'd my desires, and wing'd my rage!  
 Vengeance and love, once more, had mann'd my heart.  
 But, ah! how vain that love! how lost that vengeance!  
 The slaves of *avarice* are honour's masters!

*Capt.* Rash, in the neigh'ring wood, we left our  
 forces,

Passing, too bold, their city's guarded gate,  
 Blind, weak, and unsupported,—mad discov'ers!

*Zam.* Seiz'd but this morning, now from different  
 dungeons

Th' infernal murderers have hither brought us,  
 Unknowing to what death, tho' sure to die.  
 Yet, it o'erjoys me, we have met, once more.  
 But where? what place is this? has none yet heard  
 Who governs, here? what fate *Alzira* found?  
 Whether her father is, like us, their slave?  
 Dear, wretched friends, who share a death, my due,  
 Can none instruct me, what I wish to know?

*Capt.* From sep'rate prisons, hither led, like you,  
 Thro' different streets we came, the cause not known:  
 All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.  
 Great, but unhappy Prince! deserving, long,  
 A nobler fate! each silent soul laments  
 Its want of pow'r to save so lov'd a leader.  
 Now—to die with you, is our noblest claim,  
 Since, to die for you, was a choice denied us.

*Zam.* Next the wish'd glory of success, in war,  
 The greatest is to die, renown'd, for virtue:  
 But, to die noteless, in the silent dark,  
 Is to die, scorn'd, and shame our lust'ring country!  
 We fall, undignify'd, by villains' hands:  
 A sacrifice to *Europe's* outcast blood-hounds!  
 Men, rais'd by other's wrongs, and poorly rich,  
 With others' plunder'd treasure! curs'd be these  
 butchers!

Blood-stain'd insulters of a yielded world!  
 Riffers, who give up kings, to tire their tortures,

But,



But, for discovery of the gold we scorn,  
 As dross, less valu'd, and less wish'd, than they! —  
 To be, in death, the cause of my friends dying!  
 To die, and leave *Alzira*, to my murderers!  
 This is a death of horror, not of fame!  
 This is the body's death—but shakes the soul!

*Enter ALVAREZ, with a guard of Spaniards.*

*Alv.* Live : and be free.

[*Spanish Soldiers unfetter the Indians.*]

*Zam.* Ye gods, of lost *Peru*!

What did I hear!—said he, Be free and live?

What vast, mysterious, accident of virtue?

Some pow'r divine, in sport deceives my wonder!

Thou seem'st a *Spaniard*!—and—but thou forgiv'st,

I cou'd have sworn thee, Christian!—who? what art thou?

Art thou some god? or this new city's king?

*Alv.* Christian I am; and *Spaniard*: but no king.

*Zam.* What is thy pow'r?

*Alv.* —To save the weak, distress'd.

*Zam.* What thy distinction; say, thou gen'rous wonder?

*Alv.* The love of pity, when the wretched want it.

*Zam.* Pity! and Christian!—what inspir'd thy greatness?

*Alv.* My memory, my duty, and my God.

*Zam.* Thy God?—I have it now—these hungry wasters,

These human *Seemers*, with but forms of men;

These thirsters after only gold and blood;

From some coarse, lawless, part of *Europe*, came;

And serve some bloodier god, that wars with thine!

*Alv.* Their faith the same with mine, but not their nature:

Christians by birth, by error made un-christian,

In pow'r grown giddy, they disgrace command.

Thou know'st their faults too well: now, know my duty.

Twice

Twice has the sun's broad traverse girt the globe,  
 Twice wheel'd the summer round your world, and ours;  
 Since a brave *Indian*, native of your land,  
 To whom surprize in ambush made me captive,  
 Gave me the forfeit life his sword had won.  
 The unexpected mercy forc'd my blushes:  
 For I perceiv'd, compassion of your woes,  
 Was but a duty, when I thought, 'twas virtue.  
 Thenceforth, your countrymen became my brothers:  
 And I have, now, but one complaint against them,  
 —That I must never know, his name, who sav'd me.

*Zam.* He has *Alvárez's* voice! he has his features!  
 His age the same, too; and the same his story!  
 'Tis he! —there is no other honest Christian.  
 Look on us all: and recollect his face,  
 Who wisely spar'd thy life, to spread thy virtues.

*Alv.* Come nearer, noble youth.—By heav'n 'tis he!  
 Now, my dim eyes, you teach me my decay,  
 That cou'd not let me see my wish indulg'd,  
 But clouded ev'n my gratitude! —my son!  
 My benefactor! saviour of my age!  
 What can I do! instruct me to deserve thee.  
 Dwell in my sight; and I will be thy father.  
 Thou wilt have lost the merit of thy gift,  
 If from the pow'r it gave, thou claim'st no payment.

*Zam.* Trust me, my father, had thy *Spanish* sons  
 Shewn but a glimm'ring of thy awful virtue,  
 Grateful *Peru*, now, desolately, theirs,  
 Had been a peopled world, of willing slaves.  
 Rather than live, among that felon-race,  
 Take, take me, silent death; and screen my soul  
 From the reliefless rage of un-felt curses.

All I wou'd ask, all I will take, from *Spain*,  
 Is but, to be inform'd, if *Ezmont* lives?  
 Or, has his blood new-stain'd their hands with murder?  
*Ezmont*? —perhaps you knew him not? —that *Ezmont*,  
 Who was *Alzira's* father? —I must stop,

And

And weep—before I dare go on, to ask—  
Whether—that father,—and that daughter—live?

*Alv.* Hide not thy tears: weep boldly—and be  
proud

To give the flowing virtue manly way.

'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.  
Shame on those breasts of stone, that cannot melt,  
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.

But, be thou comforted: for, both thy friends  
Live; and are happy, here.—

*Zam.* —And, shall I see 'em?

*Alv.* *Exmont*, within this hour, shall teach his friend,  
To live, and hope—and be as bless'd, as he.

*Zam.* *Alzira's Exmont*?—

*Alv.* —From his mouth, not mine,  
Thou shalt, this moment, learn, whate'er thou seek'st.  
He shall instruct thee in a smiling change,  
That has united *Spain*, with sav'd *Peru*.  
I have a son, to bless, with this new joy:  
He will partake my gratitude, and love thee:  
—I quit thee,—but will instantly return:  
To charm thee with this union's happy story,  
That nothing, now, on earth, has pow'r to sever:  
Yet, which, once clos'd, shall quiet warring worlds.

[Exit, with Guards.]

*Zam.* At length, th' awak'ning gods remember

*Zamor,*

And to atone my wrongs, by working wonders,  
Have made one *Spaniard* honest, to reward me!

*Ind. Capt.* *Alvarez* is, himself, the Christian's God;  
Who, long provok'd, and blushing at their crimes,  
In his own right descends, to veil their shame.

*Zam.* He says, he has a son: that son shall be  
My brother; if at least, he does but prove  
Worthy (could man be so) of such a father!

*Ind. Capt.* O, day! O, dawn of hope, on our sad  
hearts!

*Zam.* *Exmont*, now, after three long years, of woe,  
*Exmont Alzira's father*, is restor'd me!

D

*Alzira*

*Alzira* too, the dear, the gen'rous maid !  
 She, whom my sighing soul has been at work for !  
 She, who has made me brave, and left me wretched !  
*Alzira* too, is here ; and lives, to thank me.

*Enter EzMONT.*

Oh ! ye profuse rewarders of my pain !  
 He comes ! my *Ezmont* comes !—spring of my hopes  
 Thou father of my lab'ring mind's inspirer !  
 Hard let me press thee, to a heart that loves thee.  
 Escap'd from death, behold returning *Zamor*.  
 He will not, cannot die, while there is hope,  
 That he may live to serve a suff'ring friend.  
 —Speak to me—be thy first soft word *Alzira* !  
 Say, she is here : and bless'd, as heav'n can make her.  
*Ez.* Unhappy Prince !—she lives—nor lives remote,  
 Words cannot reach description of her grief,  
 Since first the news of thy sad death was brought her.  
 Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty tomb,  
 Which, for thy fancied form, she rais'd to weep on.  
 —But thou still liv'st !—amazing chance !—thou liv'st !  
 Heav'n grant some doubtful means to bless thee, long,  
 And make thy life as happy—as 'tis strange !  
 —What brought thee hither, *Zamor* ?

*Zam.* Cruel question !

Colder, than all the deaths I have escap'd from !  
 Why dost thou ask ?—where else cou'd I have hop'd  
 To find, and to redeem, thyself, and daughter !

*Ez.* Say that no more—'tis misery, to hear it.

*Zam.* Bethink thee of the black, the direful day,  
 When that vile *Spaniard*—*Carlos*, (curse the name !)  
 Invulnerable, or to sword or pity,  
 O'erturn'd those walls, which time, when young, saw  
 built,

By earth-attracted children of the sun.  
 Perish his name ! and Oh ! be curs'd my fate,  
 Who, yet, no nearer brought him, than to thought,  
 In horror of his murders ! 'twas the wretch,  
 Who bears that name, of *Carlos*, blasted all.

*Ex.*



Ex. Why dwells thy anger on that single name ?

Zam. 'Twas in that name, pillage and slaughter  
spread !

'Twas in that name, they dragg'd *Alzira* from me ;  
Bury'd in dust the temples of our gods :  
And stain'd with the surrounding off'ers blood,  
Their violated altars ! the shock'd pow'r,  
That smil'd expectant, on our marriage vow,  
Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his brother gods,  
To vindicate their empire.——*Spain's* dark pow'r  
Prevail'd : and I was captive led to *Carlos*.

Ex. Alas ! I know, too well, thy direful story.

Zam. I will not terrify thy pitying breast,  
I will not tell thee, then, to what slow tortures  
That villain *Spaniard's* avarice condemn'd me ;  
Condemn'd me, *Exmont*, for the sake of gold !  
Gold, the divinity of beggar *Spain* ;  
But our neglected refuge !——'Tis enough,  
That, almost lifeless, 'midst their torments left,  
And seeming dead, they, (tir'd, not satisfied)  
Forbore, because I felt not.——I reviv'd,  
To feel, once more, but never to forget,  
The grindings of their insult. Three long years  
Have lent me friends, and hopes, and arms, for vengeance.

Close ambush'd, in the neighb'ring woods they lie,  
Sworn, the revengers of their bleeding country.

Ex. Alas ! my heart compassionates thy wrongs :  
But, do not seek a ruin, that would shun thee.  
What can thy flint-arm'd *Indians* courage do ?  
What can weak arrows, spoils of fishes bones ?  
How can brave, naked, untrain'd, warriors conquer ?  
Unequally oppos'd to iron-men :  
Of woundless bosoms, coated o'er with safety  
Arm'd too with missive thunders in their hand,  
That stream death on us, swifter than the winds !  
No—since the world, they say, has yielded to 'em,  
Yield *Zamor*, and *Peru* ; and let 'em reign.

Zam:

Ex.

*Zam.* Let the world yield—*Zamor* will always find  
Some gen'rous corner, in it, fit for freedom.  
Grant I were born to serve; obedience claims  
Returns: claims benefit; protection; favour:  
Outrage and wrongs can claim correction only.

Their lightnings and their thunders; their safe shells,  
Cases for fear, which guard their iron-war;  
Their fiery steeds, that tear the trampled earth,  
And hurl fierce riders headlong on the foe;  
These outward forms of death, that fright the world,  
I can look steadfast, on; and dare despise.  
The novelty once lost, the force will fail.  
Curse on our feeble gold! it calls in foes,  
Yet, helps not to repel the wrongs it draws!  
Oh! had but steel been ours!——

*Ex.* No—partial heav'n  
Has, with that manly wealth, enrich'd our foe!

*Zam.* Yet, not to leave our vengeance quite disarm'd,  
Depriving us of steel, it gave us virtue.

*Ex.* Virtue was blest'd, of old:——but,——times  
are chang'd.

*Zam.* No matter—let us keep our hearts, the same.  
'Tho' the stars chang'd their course, virtue were virtue,  
*Alzira* cannot change: *Alzira's* just.

*Alzira's* faithful, to her vows, and me.

*Ex.* Ah! do not name th' unhappy maid, too  
tenderly.

*Zam.* Save me, ye gods! from a friend's downcast  
eye!

Whence are those sighs, and tears?

*Ex.* Too wretched *Zamor*!

*Zam.* Not wretched—if *Alzira's* father's mine.  
These tyrants cannot, sure, unking thy soul!  
And teach a monarch's heart to shrink at danger!

*Ex.* They cannot. 'Tis a change I will not feel.  
Nor are our conqu'rors, all, unjust:—for, know,  
'Twas heav'n induc'd these Christians to our clime,  
Less to subdue, than save.—Friends to the soul,

They

They brought instruction with them, here unfound :  
 Doctrines immortal, that can tread on death !  
 The science, of salvation, by belief !  
 The art, of living blest'd, and dying, safe !

*Zam.* Or I am deaf: or, wou'd to heav'n, I were !  
 But, if I heard thee, right——thou seem'st to praise——  
 These pilf'ring zealots, who usurp thy throne,  
 And would convert thy daughter, to a slave !

*Ex.* *Alzira* is no slave.——

*Zam.* Bless-royal *Exmont* !

Pardon some transport, which despair inflam'd ;  
 And, to great woes, indulge a little warmth.  
 If not a slave, she holds her solemn vow :  
 As thou thy oath, before our altar sworn,  
 Freedom and perjury, can never meet.

*Ex.* What are our altars ? what our idol gods ?  
 Fantoms, of human coinage, fear'd no more !  
 I would not wish to hear thee cite their name.

*Zam.* How ! was our fathers worship vain deceit ?

*Ex.* It was : and I have happily disclaim'd it.  
 May the great single Pow'r, that rules whole heav'n,  
 Lend thy dark heart one ray, of truth divine !  
 Mayst thou, lamented *Zamor*, learn to know,  
 And, knowing, to confess, in *Europe's* right,  
 Her God should be ador'd, her sons obey'd !

*Zam.* Obey'd ! hell blast 'em !——what ! these sons of  
 rapine ?

Death ! they have robb'd thee, not of faith alone,  
 They pilfer'd ev'n thy reason !——yet, 'twas wise,  
 When thou would'st keep no vows, to own no gods.

But, tell me ?——is *Alzira* too forsworn ?

True to her father's weakness, has she fallen ?  
 Serves she the gods of Christians ?

*Ex.* Hapless youth !

Tho' blest'd in my own change, I weep for thine.

*Zam.* He, who betrays his friend, has cause for  
 weeping.

Yet, tears, they say, shew pity :——if they do,

*Pity*

Pity this torment, which thy shame has cost me.  
 Pity my heart, alarm'd, for heav'n, and *Exmont*.  
 For heav'n betray'd, like me! I'm torn at once,  
 From love, and zeal, and vengeance. Take me,  
 Christians;

Drag me to die at my *Alzira's* feet:  
 And I will sigh away my soul, to mourn her.  
 Yet, have a care—be cautious, ere I fall,  
 Of urging rashness, to repel despair.  
 Resume a sov'reign's heart! and feel for empire.

*Enter ALONZO, to EZMONT.*

*Alonzo.* My Lord, the ceremonies wait your presence.

*Ex.* Farewel—I follow thee.

*Zam.* No, by my wrongs!

I will not quit this hold' till I have learnt,  
 What ceremony, what black purpose, waits thee?

*Ex.* Away—be counsell'd—fly this fatal city.

*Zam.* Not, tho' the Christian Pow'r that blasts my  
 love,

Shou'd rain down lightnings on me—still wou'd I on—  
 Tho' my own gods cry'd, stay, still wou'd I follow.

*Ex.* Forgive the force of an unwish'd refusal—  
 Guards, to your care I must commit this madman.  
 Restrain him—He wou'd violate our altar.

These *Pagans*, obstinate in idol-zeal,  
 Malign our holy myst'ries; and profane  
 The church's solemn service.—Guard the door.

'Tis not in right of my own pow'r I speak;

'Tis *Carlos*, in my voice, commands your care.

[*Exit with guards, after they have freed him from Zamor.*

*Zam.* Did I not hear him, friends!—or am I mad?

Did I not hear him use the name of *Carlos*?

O, treachery! O, baseness! O, my wrongs!

O! last, uncredited reproach of nature!

*Ind. Capt.* *Exmont* commands, for *Carlos*!

*Zam.* 'Twas not *Exmont*:—

'Twas that black devil, that scares the Christian zeal,  
 Lied, in his shape, to scandalize *Peru*!

O,



O, virtue! thou art banish'd from mankind.  
 Ev'n from *Alzira's* heart, thou now : t fled.  
 —These villain bart'ers rob us not of gold,  
 They pay its fatal price, in morals ruin'd.  
 Detested *Carlos*, then, is here!—oh! friends!  
 What council? what resource? to stop despair.

*Ind. Capt.* Let not my Prince condemn the faithful  
 boldness.

That wou'd advise his sorrows.—Old *Alvarez*  
 Will strait return, and bring, perhaps, that son,  
 With whom to share his joy the good man hasten'd.  
 Urge him to see us safe, without their gates :  
 Then, suddenly rejoin your ambush'd friends,  
 And march, back, equal, to your purpos'd vengeance.  
 Let us not spare a life, but good *Alvarez*,  
 And this lov'd son! I, near the wall, remark'd  
 Their arts, and modes of structure: their sharp angles,  
 Deep ditch, broad bulwarks, edg'd with sleeping thun-  
 ders.

I saw, and weigh'd it, all: and found hope strongest.

*Zam.* What scheme, prophetic, has inflam'd thy heart?

*Ind. Capt.* Our groaning fathers, brothers, sons, and  
 friends,

In fetter'd labour toil, to house their spoilers.  
 These, when we march to their unhop'd relief,  
 Will rise, within the town, behind their masters:  
 While you, mean while, without, advance against them;  
 And, on our dying bodies, proudly heap'd,  
 Bridge a bold entrance, o'er their bloody rampart.  
 There, may you turn, against their tyrant heads,  
 Those fiery storms of death, those mouths of murder,  
 Those forms, that frightening honest, artless bravery,  
 Build, on our ignorance, a throne for wrongs.

*Zam.* Illustrious wretchedness! by heav'n, it charms  
 me,

To see these soaring souls out-tower their fortune.  
 Shall we—we shall—we will—recover empire?

*Carlos* shall feel *Peru*, despis'd *Peru*,

Knock at his trembling heart, and claim atonement.

*Ind.*

*Ind. Capt.* I will attempt escape—and warn our friends.

[*Exit.*]

*Zam.* Come, dire revenge! thou melancholy god!  
That comforts the distress'd with shadowy hopings!  
Strengthen our willing hands: let *Carlos* die!  
Let but that *Spanish* murd'rer, *Carlos*, die,  
And I am half re-paid my kingdom's losses!

But, we are wretches, indolently brave:  
We talk of vengeance: while we sleep, in chains!  
*Alvarez* has forgot me: *Exmont* slights me:  
And she I love is theirs, whom most I hate.  
All the poor comfort of my heart is doubting.  
Hark! what surprising noise! [*Shout*] It rises, louder,  
And sudden fires, high-flaming, double day!  
Hark!—from their iron-throats, [*Guns*] yon roaring  
mischiefs

Pour their triumphant insult. [*Trumpets, &c.*] What  
new feast,

Or what new crime, demands this swell of joy?

Now, in their heedless mirth, descend some god  
And teach us to be free; or, failing, die.

Oh! my lost friends! 'tis liberty, not breath,  
Gives the brave, life!—shun slav'ry, more than death.  
He, who, spurns shame, and dares disdain to be:  
Mocks chains, and wrongs,—and is, for ever, free.  
While the base grov'ler, never safe, tho' low,  
Creeps but to suff'rings: and lives on, for woe!

## A C T III.

*ALZIRA, alone.*

**S**HADE of my murder'd lover! shun to view me:  
Rise to the stars, and make their brightness sweeter;  
But, shed no gleam of lustre on *Alzira*.  
She has betray'd her faith, and married *Carlos*!  
The sea, that roll'd its watry world, betwixt us,  
Fail'd to divide our hands—and he has reach'd me!  
The altar trembled, at the unhallow'd touch:

And

And heaven drew back, reluctant, at our meeting.  
 Pale, but soft-hovering ghost, that haunt'st my fancy!  
 Thou, dear, tho' bloody form, that skims, before me!  
 Thou never-dying, yet thou buried *Zamor*!  
 If sighs, and tears, have power to pierce the grave;  
 If death, that knows no pity, could but hear me;  
 If still thy gentle spirit loves *Alzira*:  
 Pardon, that even in death, she dar'd forsake thee!  
 Pardon her rigid sense of nature's duties:  
 A parent's will!——a pleading country's safety!  
 At these strong calls, she sacrific'd her love;  
 To joyless glory, and to tasteless peace:  
 And, to an empty world, in which thou art not!  
 O! *Zamor*! *Zamor*! follow me no longer.  
 Drop some dark veil, snatch some kind cloud, before  
 thee,  
 Cover that conscious face, and let death hide thee!  
 Leave me, to suffer, wrongs that heaven allots me:  
 And teach my busy fancy to forget thee.

*Enter EMIRA.*

Where are those captives? are they free, *Emira*?  
 Where those sad children of my mournful country?  
 Will they not suffer me to see, to hear them?  
 To sit and weep, and mingle with their mournings?

*Emira.* Ah! rather, dread the rage of angry *Carlos*,  
 Who threatens 'em with some new stroke of horror.  
 Some cruel purpose hangs, this moment, o'er 'em!  
 For, through this window look, and see, display'd,  
 The broad red standard, that betokens blood!  
 Loud bursts of death roar from their iron-prisons,  
 And answer, dreadful, to each other's call! [*Guns.*  
 The council hastes, alarm'd, and meets, in uproar.

[*Shots.*]

All I have heard, besides, is, that the prince,  
 Your father, has been summon'd to attend.

*Alz.* Immortal guardians of th' endanger'd just!  
 Have I, for this, in vain, betray'd my peace?  
 Dares the dire husband, recent from the altar,  
 New to my forc'd consent,—and scarce, yet, lord

Of my repenting hand ; so soon, let loose  
His re-commission'd murders ! must my nuptials  
Serve, as the prelude, to my people's deaths !

O, marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,  
Where hands alone consent, and hearts abhor !

*Enter CEPHANIA.*

*Ceph.* One of the captive *Indians*, just set free,  
In honour of the joy that crowns this day,  
Prays your permission, Madam, to be heard,  
And at your princely feet, disclose some *secret*.

*Alx.* Let him with firmness, and with freedom, enter.  
For him, and for his friends, he knows, I live.  
Dear to my eyes, I mark 'em, with delight,  
And love, alas, in them, their poor lost country.  
——But why alone ?——Why one ?

*Ceph.* It is that captain,  
To whose victorious hand, I heard, but now,  
*Alvarez*, your new lord's illustrious father,  
Ow'd his remitted life, from *Indians*, sav'd.

*Emira.* With earnest preſſure, he has sought your  
presence :

He met me, entring, and with trembling haste,  
Implor'd me to befriend th' important prayer.  
He told me, further, that the prince your father,  
For some strange cause, this *Indian* seems to know,  
Had charg'd the guards he 'scap'd from, to prevent  
His access to your ear.——methinks, there sits  
A kind of sullen greatness, on his brow,  
As if it veil'd, in grief, some awful purpose.

*Ceph.* I watch'd him—and he walks, and turns, and  
weeps :

Then starts, and looks at heaven ; and to the gods,  
Pours up an ardent sigh, that breathes your name !  
I pitied him——but, gather'd from this freedom,  
That he's a stranger to your rank, and greatness.

*Alx.* What rank ? what greatness ?——Perish all distin-  
ction,

That, from the wrong'd unhappy, bars the great !

Who



Who knows, but this was, once, some gen'rous friend,  
Some bravé companion, of my *Zamor's* arms!  
Who knows, but he was near him, when he fell;  
And brings some message from his parting soul!  
How dare I then receive him?——Can my heart  
Be proof, against the last, kind, words of *Zamor*?  
Will not the half-lull'd pain, rekindling fresh,  
Burn, with increase of smart, and wring my soul?  
—No matter,—let him enter.—— [*Exit Cephania.*

——Ha! what means

This sudden chillness, sadd'ning, round my heart.  
In short, faint, flatt'rings, never felt, before!  
Ah! fatal residence!——From the first hour,  
These hated walls became *Alzira's* prison,  
Each diff'rent moment brought some diff'rent pain.

*Enter ZAMOR.*

*Zam.* Art thou, at length, restor'd me?—Cruel! tell me?

Art thou, indeed, *Alzira*?

*Alz.*——Gentle spirit!

Forgive me.——Do not come to chide the unhappy!  
I have been wrong'd; but—— [*Faints, Into his arms.*

*Zam.* Thine, she wou'd have said;  
And her imperfect purpose fully bless'd me.

Revive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost, *Alzira*!

*Zamor* will live no longer, shou'dst thou die.

*Alz.* The kind, forgiving, shade is, still before me!  
It wak'd me, by a sound, that seem'd his name.

*Zam.* I am no shadow, if *Alzira's* mine;  
I am thy living lover, at thy feet [*Kneeling.*  
Reclaiming thee, thou noblest half himself!

*Alz.* Can it be possible, thou shou'dst be *Zamor*?

*Zam.* Thy *Zamor*——thine.

*Alz.* Dare I believe, thou liv'st?

*Zam.* 'Tis in thy power  
To make that truth undoubted.—do but say  
Thou wou'dst not have me die,——I will live on:

To

To thank thee; thus, with everlasting love.

[*Rises and catches her in his arms.*]

*Alz.* O! days of softness! — O! remember'd years.

Of ever-vanish'd happiness! — O! *Zamor!*

Why has the grave been bountiful, too late?

Why sent thee back, in vain? to make joy bitter;

By mix'd ideas of distracting horror!

Ah, *Zamor!* — What a time is this, — to charm in!

Thy every word, and look, shoots daggers through me.

*Zam.* Thou, mourn'st then, my return?

*Alz.* I do — I must —

Yet — wou'd it had been sooner!

*Zam.* Generous tenderness!

*Alz.* Where hast thou been, thus long, — unfound,  
till now?

*Zam.* A wand'ring vagabond, that trod the world,  
In fruitless search of means, to save *Alzira*.

Not all the tort'ring racks, of villain *Carlos*,

Cou'd from my panting heart expel thy image;

The bloody spoilers tir'd their rage in vain:

I brav'd their wounds, and insults. — life had, yet,

No leisure to forsake me. Thou requir'd'st me.

The groans of suff'ring nations reach'd my soul,

And bad it struggle, to revenge mankind.

Alas! thou tremblest! Thy soft nature shrinks,  
At bare recital of these *Spanish* virtues.

Oh! 'twas the guardian-god that smiles on love,

Knew thy kind wish; — and, for thy sake sustain'd me.

Thou wilt adore, I know, his gentle goodness.

Thy pious heart disdains to quite thy gods,

Because they suffer with thee; and have fail'd

To stem th' invading host of *Spain's* new-heaven!

Thou hast too little falshood, for a Christian.

— Hast thou e'er heard of that base wretch, call'd

*Carlos?*

A birth that blacken'd nature! a taught monster!

Sent, in our shape, from some far distant world,

To humble ours, with sense of human baseness!

They

They tell me, he is here.—Grant heaven thou know'st him !

Thou, then, shalt guide my vengeance,—to this, first, This vilest, of its victims.

*Alz.* Find him, here——

Black, in my breast, he lives : strike, strike, and reach him.

*Zam.* Hold, heart—and break not, yet—this may be——pity.

*Alz.* strike—for—I merit neither life,—nor thee.

*Zam.* *Exmont* ! I feel thee ; and believe thee, all !

*Alz.* Did he then tell thee ?—had my father power To dwell so plainly on my hopeless woes,

As to describe 'em to thee ?——Did he name

The dreadful husband—his lost daughter owes him ?

*Zam.* No — but thou may'st : For, that will harden

*Zamor,*

That he can never be astonish'd more !

*Alz.* Yes—I will tell it thee——Prepare to tremble : Not for thyself to tremble ;——but for me.

I will lay open the vast horror, to thee :

Then, thou shalt weep, and live :—and bid me—die.

*Zam.* *Alzira* !——oh !——

*Alz.* This *Carlos*——

*Zam.* *Carlos* ! why ? whence ?

Curse on his name,——why thus, forever, *Carlos* ?

*Alz.* I was, this morning, sworn, forever—his !

*Zam.* Sworn whose !—

*Alz.* ——You nam'd him—I have been betray'd I was not weak ;—I fell, to save my country.

*Zam.* What hast thou done ? What tale of horror shakes thee.

*Alz.* ——Even on this fatal day, within thy hearing,

Almost within thy sight, Christian *Alzira*

Plighted, in presence of the Christian God,

Her helpless hand, to *Carlos*.—

*Zam.* Oh !—the perfidy !

*Alz.*

*Alz.* It hopes no pardon!—all my gods renounc'd!  
My lover wrong'd! my country's freedom sold!  
All, all demand revenge.—But do thou kill me:  
Thou wilt strike tenderly—my summon'd blood  
Shall spring to meet thy hand—and, flow to find thee.

*Zam.* *Carlos!* *Alzira,* 'tis impossible!

*Alz.* Were I dispos'd to mitigate my crime,  
I cou'd alledge a father's awful power;  
I cou'd remind thee of our ruin'd state:  
Cou'd plead my tears, my struggles, and distraction:  
Ere three, long, wretched, years confirm'd thee dead.  
I cou'd with justice, charge my faith renounc'd  
On hatred of those gods, who sav'd not *Zamor*.  
But, I disclaim excuse,—and shun remission.  
Love finds me guilty; and that guilt condemns me.  
Be thou but safe, no matter what I suffer.  
When life has lost the joy that made it bless'd,  
She who dies soonest, always, dies most happy.

Why do'st thou view me, with so kind an eye?  
Thou should'st look sternly, I deserve no pity.

*Zam.* Yes: if thou lov'st, I cannot hold thee guilty;  
—Wishing me bless'd, methinks thou mak'st me so.

*Alz.* When, by my father urg'd, and by *Alvarez*,  
And inly too impell'd, perhaps, to fate,  
By some forsaken God, who meant revenge;  
When by the Christian's fears, and my touch'd heart,  
At once, beset, they dragg'd me to the temple,  
Even in the moment when advancing *Carlos*  
Sought my escaping hand,—tho' I, then, thought thee  
Dead; and for ever lost to my fond hopes:  
Yet, then, beneath the altar's sacred gloom,  
I bow'd my soul to *Zamor*: memory  
Reliev'd me, with thy image,—*Indians, Spaniards*,  
All, all, have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee.  
'Twas my heart's pride, to boast it to the world!  
To earth, to heav'n,—to *Carlos*, I proclaim'd it!  
And now, ev'n now, in this distressful moment,  
For the last time,—I tell *thyself*, I love thee.

*Zam.*



*Zam.* For the last time ! avert the menace, heav'n !  
Then thou art once restor'd—and lost forever !

'Tis not love's language, that !——'tis death's, *Alzira* !

*Alz.* O, heav'n !—*Alvarez* comes, and with him,  
*Carlos.*

*Enter DON ALVAREZ, follow'd by DON CARLOS.*

*Alv.* See ! thy *Alzira* with my life's restorer !

Approach, young hero ! 'tis my son, who seeks thee ;

*Spain's* delegate, who here holds power supreme :

My *Carlos*, bids thee share his bridal joy.

—Meet, and embrace : divide your father's love :

My son, of nature, one—and one, of choice.

Court his hand, *Carlos* ?——

*Zam.* Perish such a son !

As the detested *Carlos* !

*Alz.* Heaven avert

This rising tempest ! it o'erwhelms my soul !

*Alv.* What means this wonder ?

*Zam.* 'Tis not possible !——

No——I would disbelieve attesting gods,

Shou'd they, from heaven, assert this shock to nature ;

That such a father——can——have such a son !

*Car.* [*To Zamor.*] From what strange spring does  
thy blind fury rise ?

Know'st thou not who I am ?

*Zam.* A thief—a villain,

My country's horror——and whole nature's shame !

Chief of those scourges angry heaven has doom'd thee,

Know me, for *Zamor*.

*Car.* Thou, *Zamor* ?

*Alv.* *Zamor* ?

*Zam.* Yes——the tortur'd *Zamor*.

Blush to be told it : and remember, with it,

The bloody rage of thy remorseless cruelty ;

That basely dar'd insult a captive king !

Now, he returns——triumphant, in distress,

To look thee into shame ; to see those eyes

Fall their stretch'd fierceness, and decline before him.

Thou

Thou waster of the world ! thou licens'd robber !  
 Thou whose last spoil was my *Alzira's* glory !  
 Win her, against this sword ; [*Draws.*]—the sole, good,  
 gain,

*Zamor* can boast, he owes thy haughty country.

Now, the same hand, that gave the father life,  
 Claims, in return, the son's devoted blood :  
 And, so reveng'd, atones a dying realm.

*Alv.* Confounded, and amaz'd, I hear him speak ;  
 Till every word grows stranger !——*Carlos* cannot  
 Be guilty——or, if guilty, cannot answer.

*Car.* To answer, were a poorness I despise.  
 When rebels dare accuse, power that replies  
 Does but forget to punish——with this sword,  
 I might, but that I know the reverence, due  
 To your protecting presence, well have answer'd.  
 ——Madam, [*To Alzira.*] your heart shou'd have  
 instructed you,

Why you offend me, while I see you here.  
 If not my peace, at least your fame, demands  
 That you now drive this outlaw from your thoughts.  
 You weep then ! to insult me with your tears ?  
 And, yet, I love, and can be jealous of you !

*Alz.* Cruel ! \*——and you, † my father, and  
 protector !

And thou ! ‡ my soul's past hope, in happier times !  
 Mark—and condole my fate.—mix your due pity :  
 And tremble, at the horror of my woes.

Behold this lover, which my father chose me,  
 Before I knew there was a world, but ours.  
 With his reported death our empire fell :  
 And I have liv'd, to see my father's throne  
 O'erturn'd ; and all things chang'd, in earth, and  
 heaven !

By every human help, too soon forsaken,  
 My friendless father, from the Christian's God  
 Sought aid—and screen'd a state, behind his name.  
 Thence, forc'd before this unknown power, to kneel,

\* To *Carlos*. † To *Alvarez*. ‡ To *Zamor*.

A dreadful oath has bound my backward soul,  
To love the murd'rer of my real lover !

In my new faith, I own myself unskill'd,  
But, all, that virtue taught me, still I know.  
*Zamor*, I love thee, justly :—I confess it.  
What honour calls for, can deserve no shame.  
Yet, where my hand is bound, my heart obeys :  
And I can now be thine, alas, no more.  
Let me be rather wretched, than unjust.

*Carlos*, for you,—I am your wife ; and victim  
Yet, in abhorrence of your cruel soul,  
I hold my mind divorc'd ; and dare abjure you.

One way, to either, I submit, with joy :  
If your swords claim me, I am due to both.  
Which first rewards me with the death I wish ?  
*Carlos*, thou hast a hand by custom stain'd :  
Thy practis'd poignard need not start, at blood.  
Strike then, for due revenge of slighted love ;  
And, punishing the guilty,—once, be just.

*Car.* I find, then, Madam, you wou'd brave my  
weakness !  
Proud of offending, one who must forgive.  
But, you invoke my vengeance, and it comes.  
Your fate is ready—for, your minion dies.  
Who waits ?---a guard there.

*Enter SOLDIERS.*

*Alz.* Cruel, Christian, insult !

*Alv.* My son ! what mean you ? what rash trans-  
port this ?

Think, whom you sentence.—Be his person hateful,  
But, reverence his virtue, and his name.  
He who is, helpless, in his hater's hands,  
Claims safety, from his weakness.—Why, why, *Carlos*,  
Must I, a second time, remind your mercy ?  
I gave you life :—but *Zamor* gave it me.  
Be warn'd—nor forfeit fame to feast revenge.

F

*Enter*

*Enter DON ALONZO, with Spanish Soldiers.*

*Alon.* Pardon an entrance, Sir, thus unprepar'd.  
The woods, round bordering on the neighb'ring plain,  
Pour out a sudden swarm of *Indian* foes.  
Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our walls :  
And *Zamor's* name, resounded, rings to heaven.  
Gleanings, from golden bucklers, meet the sun :  
While in firm line, and close compacted march,  
The stretch'd battalions move, in martial justness.  
They hold such discipline, such order'd motion,  
As ne'er was known before, to savage foes.  
As if, from us, they catch'd new lights of war,  
And turn'd the burning lessons on their teachers.

*Car.* Away then : let us think 'em worth our meeting

—Heroes, of *Spain* ! ye fav'rite sons of war !  
All corners of the world are yours, to shine in.  
Help me to teach these slaves to know their lords.  
Bring him along, by force.

*Zam.* Tyrant, they dare not.

Or, are they gods, who cannot be repell'd ?  
And proof against the wounds, they seek to give ?

*Car.* Surround him.

*Alz.* Spare him, save him !

*Alv.* Son, be cool :

And, still, remember, what your father owes him.

*Car.* Sir, I remember, 'tis a soldier's duty  
To bear down opposition : so you taught me.

[*Alonzo, and Spanish Soldiers, surround and seize Zamor.*]

Your pardon, Sir—I go, where honour calls me.

[*Exit, with Zamor, and all the Spanish Soldiers.*]

*Alz.* [*To Alv.*] Lost, at your feet, I fall ; your virtue's claim.

'Tis the first homage fortune ever taught me.  
Grant me the wish'd release, of death's kind hand,  
From miseries, I cannot live, to see.

But, dying, let me leave this witness with you,  
That, true to my first vows, I change not lightly.



Two different claimers cannot, both, possess  
 One faithful heart, that will but once be given.  
*Zamor* is mine: and I am only *Zamor's*.  
*Zamor* is virtuous, as a fancied angel.

'Twas *Zamor* gave his life, to good *Alvarez*!

*Alv.* I feel the pity of a father, for thee.

I mourn afflicted *Zamor*: I will guard him:  
 I will protect you, both, unhappy lovers!

Yet, still be mindful of the marriage tie,  
 That, but this morning, bound thy days to *Carlos*.  
 Thou art no longer thine, my mournful daughter.

*Carlos* has been too cruel; but repents it:  
 And this once-cruel *Carlos* is thy husband.  
 He is my son too: and he loves us, both.  
 Pity soon softens hearts, where love has enter'd.

*Alv.* Ah! why did heav'n not make you *Zamor's*  
 father!

Greatness thus awful, sweetness so polite,  
 Is the sun's heat, made lovelier by its light.  
 Oh! could the rigid, and self-clos'd, but know,  
 How the heart joys, that feels another's woe,  
 No cold-link'd chain's short reach would clogg the  
 mind:

But one long wreath of peace connect mankind.

## A C T IV.

*Don ALVAREZ, Don CARLOS.*

*Shouts, Trumpets, a long and lofty Flourish.*

ALVAREZ.

**D**ESERVE, my son, this triumph of your arms,  
 Your numbers, and your courage, have prevail'd;  
 Now, of this last, best, effort of the foe,  
 Half are no more; and half are yours, in chains.

Disgrace

Disgrace not due success, by undue cruelty :  
But call in mercy, to absolve your fame.

I will go visit the afflicted captives,  
And pour compassion on their aking wounds :  
Mean while, remember, you are man, and Christian.

*Car.* What, wou'd your virtue teach my heart to feel?

*Alv.* Bravely, at once, resolve, to pardon *Zamor*.  
—Fain wou'd I soften this indocil fierceness :  
And teach your courage, how to conquer wills.

*Car.* At your own choice—freely devote my life,  
But, leave at liberty my just revenge.  
Pardon him ? —why, the savage brute is lov'd !

*Alv.* Th' unhappily belov'd most merit pity.

*Car.* Pity !—cou'd I be sure of such reward,  
I wou'd die pleas'd, —and she shou'd pity me:

*Alv.* How much to be lamented is a heart,  
At once, by rage of headlong will oppress'd,  
And by strong jealousies, and doubtings, torn !

*Car.* When jealousy becomes a crime, —guard,  
heav'n,

That husband's honour, whom his wife not loves !  
Your pity takes in all the world—but me.

*Alv.* Mix not the bitterness of distant fear  
With your arriv'd misfortunes. — Since *Alzira*  
Has virtue, it will prove a wiser care  
To soften her, for change, by patient tenderness,  
Than, by reproach, confirm a willing hate.  
Her heart is, like her climate, rudely sweet : —  
Softness will soonest bend a stubborn will.

*Car.* Softness ! —by all the wrongs of woman's hate,  
Too much of softness but invites disdain.  
Flatter'd too long, beauty, at length, grows wanton,  
And, insolently scornful, flights its praiser.  
Oh ! rather, Sir, be jealous for my glory ;  
And urge my doubting anger, to resolve.  
Too low already, condescension bow'd,  
Nor blush'd, to match the conqu'ror with the slave !  
But, when this slave, unconscious, what she owes,  
Proudly repays humility, with scorn,

And

And braves, and hates the unaspiring love,  
Such love is weakness:—and submission, there,  
Gives sanction to contempt, and rivets pain.

*Alv.* Thus, youth is, ever, apt to judge in haste,  
And lose the *medium*, in the wild extreme.

Do not repent, but regulate, your passion:

Tho' love is reason, its excess is rage.

Give me, at least, your promise, to reflect,

In cool, impartial solitude: and, still,

No last decision, till we meet again.

*Car.* It is my father asks—and, had I will,

Nature denies me pow'r, to answer, No.

I will, in wisdom's right, suspend my anger.

—Yet—spare my loaded heart:—nor add more weight;

Lest my strength fails beneath th' unequal pressure.

*Alv.* Grant yourself time, and all you want comes  
with it.

[*Exit.*]

*Don CARLOS, alone.*

And——must I coldly then, to pensive piety,

Give up the livelier joys of wish'd revenge!

Must I repel the guardian cares of jealousy,

And slacken ev'ry rein, to rival love?

Must I reduce my hopes, beneath a savage?

And poorly envy such a thing as *Zamor*!

A coarse luxuriance of spontaneous virtue!

A shoot, of rambling, fierce, offensive freedom:

Nature's wild growth——strong, but un-prun'd to  
bearing:

A rough, raw, woodman, of this rugged clime;

Illit'rate in the arts of polish'd life;

And, who, in *Europe*, where the fair judge best,

Wou'd hardly, in our courts, attract distinction.

—She comes!—*Alzira* comes! averse,—yet, charming.

*Enter ALZIRA.*

*Alz.* You turn, and shun me!—So, I have been told,  
*Spaniards*, by custom,—meet submissive wives.

—But, hear me, Sir:—hear, ev'n a suppliant wife.

Hear

Hear this unguilty object of your anger,  
 One, who can rev'rence, tho' she cannot love you ;  
 One, who is wrong'd herself, not injures you :  
 One, who is fall'n so low, to want your pity.

I cannot wear disguise: be it th' effect  
 Of greatness, or of weakness, in my mind,  
 My tongue cou'd ne'er be mov'd, but by my heart :  
 And that—was vow'd another's——If he dies,  
 The honest plainness of my soul destroys him.  
 —You look surpris'd :—I will, still more surprise you.  
 I come, to try you deeply——for, I mean  
 To move the husband, in the lover's favour !

*Car.* Dare not insult, too far, a heart, that knows  
 you.

*Aiz.* I had half flatter'd my unpractis'd hope,  
 That you, who govern others, shou'd yourself,  
 Be temp'rate, in the use of your own passions.  
 Nay, I perswaded my unchristian ign'rance,  
 That an ambitious warrior's infelt pride  
 Shou'd plead, in pardon of that pride in others.  
 ——This I am sure of,—that, forgiving mercy  
 Wou'd stamp more influence, on our *Indian* hearts,  
 Than can our gold on those, of men, like you.  
 Who knows, did such a change endear your breast,  
 How far the pleasing force might soften mine ?  
 Your right secures you my respect, and faith ;  
 —Strive, for my love :—strive, for whatever, else,  
 May charm :——if aught there is, can charm like love.  
 —Forgive me: I shall be betrayed, by fear,  
 To promise, till I over-charge my power.——  
 Yet—try, what changes, gratitude can make.

A *Spanish* wife, perhaps, wou'd promise more :  
 Profuse in charms, and prodigal of tears,  
 Wou'd promise all things—and forget 'em, all.  
 But I have weaker charms, and simpler arts.  
 Guileless of soul, and left, as Nature form'd me,  
 I err in honest innocence of aim,  
 And, seeking to compose, inflame you, more.

All



All I can add, is this:—unlovely force  
 Shall never bow me, to reward constraint:  
 But—to what lengths I may be led, by benefits,  
 'Tis in your pow'r to try: not mine, to tell

*Car.* 'Tis well. — Since justice has such pow'r to  
 guide you,

If you wou'd follow duty, know it, first.

Count modesty, among your country's virtues;

And copy—not condemn—the wives of *Spain*.

'Tis your first lesson, Madam, to forget.

—Become more delicate, if not more kind,

And, never let me hear the name I hate.

—You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your haste,

And wait in silence, till my will resolves

What punishment, or pity, suits his crimes.

—Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a husband's clemency

Out-stretches nature, if it pardons—you.

Learn, thence, ungrateful! that I want not pity:

And be the last, to dare believe me cruel. [*Exit Carlos:*

*Em* Madam, be comforted;—I watch'd his eyes:  
 I see, he loves; and love will make him kinder.

*Alz.* Love has no pow'r to act, when chain'd by  
 jealousy.

*Zamor* must die:—for I have ask'd his life.

Ah! why foresaw I not that likely danger?

Say!—has thy care been happier?—Canst thou save  
 him?

—Hast thou made trial of his keeper's faith?

*Em.* Gold, that, in *Spanish* scales, outweighs their  
 God,

Has bought his hand:—and, all, his faith's your own.

*Alz.* Then (heav'n be blessed) this metal, form'd for  
 crimes,

Sometimes, atones the wrongs. 'tis dug to cause!

—But we lose time:—why dost thou seem to pause?

*Em.* I cannot think they purpose *Zamor*'s death.

*Avarez* has not lost his pow'r so far,

Nor can the council——

*Alz.*

*Alz.* They are *Spaniards*, all.

Mark the proud, partial, guilt of these vain men !  
Ours, but a country, held, to yield them, slaves ;  
Who reign, our kings, by right of diff'rent clime !

*Zamor*, mean while, by birth, true sov'reign here,  
Weighs but a rebel, in their righteous scale !

Oh !—civiliz'd assent, of social murder !

—But, why, *Emira*, should this soldier stay ?

*Em.* You may expect him instantly —The night,  
Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold design.  
Wearied by slaughter, and unwash'd from blood,  
The world's proud spoilers, now, lie hush'd, in sleep.

*Alz.* Away, and find this *Spaniard*.—guilt's bought  
hand

Opening the prison, innocence goes free.

*Em.* See !—by *Cephania* led, he comes with *Zamor*.

—Be cautious, Madam, at so dark an hour,  
Left, met—suspected honour should be lost :  
And modesty, mistaken, suffer shame.

*Alz.* What does thy ill taught fear mistake, for  
shame ?

Virtue, at midnight, walks, as safe, within,  
As in the conscious glare of flaming day.  
She who in forms finds virtue, has no virtue.  
All the shame lies, in hiding honest love.

—Honour, that alien fantom, here call'd pride,  
Lends but a length'ning shade, to setting virtue.  
Honour's not love of innocence, but praise !  
The fear of censure, not distaste of sin !

—But, I was taught, in a sincerer clime,  
That virtue, tho' it shines not, still, is virtue :  
And heart-felt honour grows not, but within.  
This my heart knows ; and, knowing, bids me dare,  
Shou'd heav'n forsake the just, be bold, and save him.

*Enter ZAMOR, with CEPHANIA, and a Spanish Soldier.*

*Zam.* For what new torment hast thou call'd me  
hither ?

*Alz.*

*Alz.* Ah! fly—thy hopes are lost; thy fate hangs  
o'er thee.

Escape, this moment, or thou stay'st, to die.  
Haste,—lose no time,—be gone: this guardian *Spaniard*

Will teach thee to deceive the murd'rer's hope.  
—Reply not—judge thy state, from my despair:  
Save, by thy flight, the man I love, from death;  
The man, whom I have sworn t'obey, from blood;  
And a lost world, that knows thy worth, from tears.  
Thy country calls thee: night conceals thy steps.  
Pity thy fate:—and leave me, to my own.

*Zam.* Thou robber's property! thou Christian's wife!  
Thou! who dar'st love me—yet, canst bid me live!  
If I must live, come thou, and make life tempting.  
But, 'twas a cruel wish!—I cannot shield thee!  
Stript of my pow'r, and friends, and nothing left me,  
But wrongs, and misery!—I have no dower,  
To bribe reluctant love.—All, thou canst share,  
With me, will be—my desert—and my heart.  
When I had more, I laid it, at thy feet.

*Alz.* Ah! what are crowns, that must no more be  
thine?

I lov'd, not pow'r, but thee: thyself once lost,  
What has an empty world, to tempt my stay?  
Far, in the depth of thy sad desarts, trac'd,  
My heart will seek thee: fancy, there, misleads  
My weary, wand'ring, steps: there, horror finds  
And preys upon, my solitude: there, leaves me,  
To languish life out, in unheard complaints:  
To waste, and wither, in the tearless winds:  
And die, with shame, at breach of plighted faith,  
For being only thine——and, yet, another's.  
—Go—carry with thee both my peace and life!  
And leave (ah! wou'd thou cou'dst) thy sorrows, here.  
I have my lover, and my fame, to guard:  
And I will save 'em both.—Be gone—for ever.

*Zam.* I hate this fame, false avarice of fancy!  
The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness!

The lying lure of pride, that *Europe* cheats by!  
Perish the groundless-seemings of their virtue!

But, shall forc'd oaths, at hated Christian altars,  
Shall gods, who rob the gods of our forefathers,  
Shall these—obtrude a lord, and blast a lover!

*Alz.* Since it was sworn,—or to your gods, or theirs,  
What help is left me?

*Zam.* None—Adieu—for ever.

*Alz.* Stay.—What a farewell, this? [*Going*] Return, I  
charge thee.

*Zam.* [*Returning*] *Carlos*, perhaps, will hear thee.

*Alz.* Ah! pity, rather  
Than, thus, upbraid, my wretchedness.

*Zam.* Think, then,  
On our past vows.

*Alz.* I think of nothing, now,  
But of thy danger.

*Zam.* Oh!—thou hast undone  
The tend'rest—fondest—lover!

*Alz.* Still, I love,  
Crime as it is, I love thee—Leave me, *Zamor*,  
Leave me, alone, to die.—Ha! cruel! tell me!  
What horrible despair, revolving wildly,  
Bursts from thy eyes, with purpose more than mortal?

*Zam.* It shall be so. [*Going*]

*Alz.* What woud'st thou?—Whither go'st thou?

*Zam.* To make a proper use of unhop'd freedom. [*Holding him*]

*Alz.* By heav'n! if 'tis to death, I'll follow thee.

*Zam.* Horrors, unmix'd with love, demand me, now.  
Leave me—Time flies. Night blackens. Duty calls—  
Soldier,—attend my steps. [*Exit, hastily.*]

*Alz.* Alas, *Emira*!

I faint—I die—In what ungovern'd start  
Of some rash thought, he left me! Haste, *Emira*,  
Watch his fear'd meaning—trace his fatal footsteps,—  
And—if thou see'st him safe, return, and bless me.

[*Exit Emira.*]  
—A black, presaging, sorrow swells my heart!

What



What cou'd a day, like this, produce, but woe?  
 Oh!—Thou! dark, awful, vast, mysterious Pow'r,  
 Whom Christians worship, yet, not comprehend!  
 If, ignorant of thy new laws, I stray,  
 —Shed from thy'distant heav'n, where-e'er it shines,  
 One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:  
 And teach me, first to know, then act, thy will.

But, if my only crime is—love of *Zamor*,  
 If that offends thine eye, and claims thy anger:  
 Pour thy due vengeance on my hopeless head;  
 For, I am, then, a wretch, too lost, for mercy.

Yet—be the wand'rer's guide, amidst his desarts!  
 Greatly dispense thy good, with equal hand;  
 Nor, partial to the partial, give *Spain*, all.  
 Thou canst not be confin'd to care of parts;  
 Heedless of one world, and the other's father  
 Vanquish'd, and victors, are alike, to thee:  
 And all our vain distinctions mix before thee.  
 —Ah! what foreboding shriek!—Again! and louder  
 Oh heav'n! amidst the wildness of that sound,  
 I heard the name of *Zamor*!—*Zamor's* dead!  
 Hark!—a third time!—And, now, the mingled cries  
 Come quick'ning on my ear!

*Enter EMIRA, frightened.*

—*Emira*, save me.

What has he done?—In pity of my fears,  
 Speak,—and bestow some comfort.

*Em.* Comfort is lost:

And all the rage of death has, sure, possess'd him.  
 —First, he chang'd habit; with the trembling soldier:  
 Then, snatch'd his weapon from him.—The robb'd  
 wretch

Flew frightened, tow'rd the gate;—while furious *Zamor*,  
 Wild, as the fighting rage of wintry winds,  
 Rush'd to the public hall, where sits the council.  
 Following, I saw him pass the sleeping guards:  
 But lost him, when he enter'd.—In a moment,

I heard a sound of voices cry, He's dead,  
Then, clam'rous calls, from ev'ry side at once,  
To arms, to arms!—Ah! Madam, stay not here;  
Fly, to the inmost rooms, and shun the danger.

*Alz.* No, dear *Emira*: rather, let us try,  
Whether our weakness may not find some means,  
Late, and unlikely as it is,—to save him.  
I, too, dare die.

*Em.* They come,—protect us, heav'n!

*Enter Don ALONZO.*

*Alon.* Madam, you stir no farther.—I have orders,  
To seize your person:—'Tis a charge, unwith'd.

*Alz.* Whence dost thou come! what fury sent thee  
What is become of *Zamor*? [hither?

*Alon.* At a time,  
So full of danger, my respect gives way  
To duty.—You must please to follow me.

*Alz.* Oh, fortune! fortune! This is too severe!  
*Zamor* is dead: and I am only captive!  
—Why dost thou weep?—What have a *Spaniard's* tears  
To do with woes, which none but *Spaniards* cause?  
Wrong'd to distaste of life, come death! and show  
Some safe, tho dark retreat, for weary woe.  
Heav'n is too just, when, here, distress pursu'd,  
To see, in life to come, past pangs renew'd.  
There smiles the soul, escap'd from all its pain:  
There, sorrow meets reward, and triumphs reign.

## A C T V.

*ALZIRA, guarded.*

**W**HEN shall I die? answer, ye dumb destroyers:  
Ye bold provokers of insulted heav'n!  
Who, when you mean to murder, say, you judge!  
Why does your brutal silence leave my soul  
Flutt'ring, 'twixt hope and fear, in tort'ring doubt?  
Why am I not inform'd of *Zamor's* fate?

They

They will not speak ! no matter, since I hope  
 To hear no good, why shou'd I hear, at all ?  
 The conduct of these watchful *Mutes* is strange !  
 They seize me, guard me, and confine me, here ;  
 Yet answer nothing, but with looks of hate !  
 Chancing, but now, to sigh my *Zamor's* name,  
 These frighted monsters, struck with *Spanish* envy,  
 Started, turn'd pale ; and trembled, at the sound !

*Enter EZMONT.*

Alas ;—my father, too ?

*Ezm.* To what dark depth  
 Of sad despair hast thou reduc'd us all ?  
 See, now, the fruits of thy unlift'ning love !

*Alz.* What have I done ? and what has *Zamor* suffer'd ?

*Ezm.* Ev'n in the instant, while, with growing hope,  
 We pleaded, earnest, for thy lover's life ;  
 While we yet hung, on the half-granted pray'r  
 An ent'ring soldier drew our notice tow'rd him.  
 'Twas *Zamor* !—dreadful, in a borrow'd dress !  
 At once, he hurl'd his furious eyes, amongst us,  
 And his more furious person. Scarce I saw,  
 So rapid was his motion, that his hand  
 Held a drawn sword !—To enter—reach our seats,  
 And, lion-like, spring to the breast of *Carlos*.  
 Th' assault, the wound, the death, was, all, one moment !  
 Out-gush'd your husband's blood, to stain the father :  
 As if 'twou'd lend him blushes, for the daughter !

—*Zamor*, mean while, the dreadful action done,  
 Soft'ning to sudden calmness, at the feet  
 Of sad *Alvarez* fell : and, to his hand,  
 Resign'd the sword, which his son's blood made horrid.  
 The father started into black'ning terror !  
 The murd'rer dash'd his bosom on the ground,  
 I but reveng'd (he cry'd) my wrongs, and shame !  
 I knew my duty—know your own, against me :  
 Nature your motive, hard oppression mine.  
 He said no more :—but, prostrate, hop'd his doom.

*Alz.* Let me not hear the rest :... 'tis, all, too dreadful !

*Ezm.*

*Exm.* Th' afflicted father sunk upon my bosom.  
 Night's silent shade grew vocal with our cries.  
 From ev'ry side at once, swarm foll'wing swarm,  
 A flow of fruitless help surrounded *Carlos*;  
 To stop th' out-welling blood, and hold back life.  
 —But what most shakes me, tho' 'tis told thee, last,  
 Is——that they think thee guilty of his death;  
 And, insolently loud, demand thy own.

*Alz.* But——can you——

*Exm.* No. impossible. I cannot.  
 I know thy heart too well, to wrong thy virtue.  
 I know thee, too, too capable of weakness;  
 But not of purpos'd blood.——I saw this danger.  
 But, thy charm'd eyes, ev'n on the brink of fate,  
 Were blinded by thy love;——and thou art fall'n!  
 —Thy husband murder'd, by thy lover's hand,  
 The council that accuses, will condemn thee:  
 And ignominious death becomes thy doom.  
 I came, to warn thee, and prepare thy spirit.  
 Now, hast'ning back, try ev'ry hope, for pardon;  
 Or, failing to redeem thee, share thy death.

*Alz.* My pardon!——pardon, at these murderers  
 hands!

The King, my father, stoop his pray'r to them!  
 Death, if it hides me from that thought, is rapture.  
 —Ah! Sir, live on: hope still some happier day;  
 Then, pay back all these pangs,——and bless *Peru*.  
 Wait that determin'd hour—and love *Alzira*;  
 This all the pray'r she makes, this all, she wishes.

*Ex.* But is no pity due to dying *Carlos*?

*Alz.* I find his fate too cruel: and must mourn  
 Thro' fear, that he deserv'd it.——As for *Zamor*,  
 Whose rashness has reveng'd his country's wrongs,  
 Urg'd by too keen remembrance of his own,  
 I neither censure, nor excuse, his daring.  
 I wou'd have staid him: but, he rush'd to die;  
 And 'tis not in my choice, to live, without him.

*Ex.* Shed thy wish'd mercy here, all-pow'rful  
 heav'n!

[*Exit.*  
*Alz.*



*Alz.* [*alone*] My weeping father call'd on heav'n,  
to save me.

I will not ask the grace of heav'n, so boldly :  
Let me not be at all—and I'm not wretched.  
Th' Almighty Christian Pow'r, that knows me innocent,  
Exacts (they say) long life, in deep distress ;  
And thunders at the brave, who shorten woe.  
The gods who once were mine, were less severe ;  
Why shou'd the wretch, unhoping, struggle on,  
Thro' viewless lengths of miserable woe,  
Yet, dread the hand of death, that points to refuge !  
Sure ! Christians, in this tale, belye their God.  
His fav'rites, whom he arms with his own thunders,  
Can they have right, from him, to waste a world,  
To sweep whole millions into death's cold arms ;  
And, shall not I, for rest and safety, claim  
A pow'r he gives to them, for pride and rage ?  
—Ah !—*Zamor* comes ! they lead him out, to die !

*Enter ZAMOR, in chains : guarded by Spaniards.*

*Zam.* Kind, in their purpos'd malice, they have  
brought me,

Where my expiring soul shall mix, with thine.  
Yes, my *Alzira*, we are doom'd, together.  
Their black tribunal has condemn'd us, both :  
For innocence offends, where guilt is judge.  
But *Carlos* is not dead ! that wounds me deepest.  
*Carlos* survives, to boast short triumph o'er us :  
And dies so slowly, that our fate precedes him !

Yet, he must die : my hand not err'd so far,  
But he must die : and, when he does, my soul  
Shall snatch th' expected moment, hov'ring, watchful,  
And hunt him, in revenge, from star to star.

Pious *Alvarez*, mournful, comes, behind,  
Charg'd with our bloody sentence, sign'd, in council,  
That murder may be sanctify'd by form.  
My only grief is, that thou dy'st, for me.

*Alz.* That, that, shou'd leave thy grief without com-  
plaint.

Since

Since I am lov'd, and love, to die with *Zamor*,  
 Is happiness, and triumph—bless my fate;  
 No blow but this cou'd break my endless chain.  
 Think, then, this period of suppos'd distress,  
 This moment, that unites our hands in death,  
 Is the first shielder of my love from woe.  
 Now, smiling fate restores me to myself:  
 And I can give a heart, once more, my own.  
 But there's a cause for tears,—*Alvarez* claims 'em:  
 We, while he speaks our doom, shall feel but his.

*Zam.* See! how the slow-pac'd mourner weeps his errand.

*Enter ALVAREZ.*

*Alz.* Which, of us three, does fortune, most, distress?  
 What an assemblage ours, of mingled woes!

*Zam.* Since heav'n will have it so, that, from thy tongue,

I shou'd receive death's summons, let it come:  
 'Twill have one pow'r to please;—for, I shall hear thee.  
 Do not, then, pity; but condemn me boldly;  
 And, if thy heart, tho' *Spanish*, bends beneath it,  
 Think, thou but doom'st an unsubmitting savage;  
 Who kill'd thy son—because, unlike his father.

But, what has poor *Alxira* done? perhaps,  
 She dies, because, in her, a people lives!  
 In her, alone, glows that collected soul,  
 That, in past ages, brighten'd all *Peru*!  
 But excellence is guilt, where enviers judge!

*Alz.* Wond'rous old virtue! obstinately kind!  
 Thou, singly just, amidst a race of thieves!  
 'Twere to be base as they are, cou'd I stoop  
 To deprecate a vengeance duely thine.

For thy son's blood, be mine thy willing sacrifice.  
 All I require, is—but defence from slander;  
 From poor suspicion of a guilt I scorn.

*Carlos*, tho' hated, was a hated husband:  
 He was *Alvarez*' son, too; and, as such,  
 Call'd for that rev'rence, which himself deserv'd not.  
 As for thy nation, let 'em praise, or blame me,

Thy

Thy witness only can be worth my claim.  
Mourn not my death, 'tis joy, to die, with *Zamor* :  
And all the pain I suffer, — is, for thee.

*Alv.* Words will have way : or grief, suppress'd in  
vain,

Wou'd burst its passage, with th' out-rushing soul.  
What sorrows ever match'd this mingled scene  
Of tenderness, and horror! — My son's murder'd  
Is *Zamor* ! — he, who guarded me, from murder,  
Is, also, *Zamor* ! hold that image, fast,  
Afflicted nature ! — life, unwish'd, by me,  
Is due, to *Zamor* : young, belov'd, untry'd  
In hope's false failings, joys may make him happy.  
My taste of time is gone : and life, to me,  
Is but an ev'ning's walk, in rain, and darkness.  
Father I am (at least, I was, a father :)  
But, ev'ry father, first, was form'd, a man.  
And, spite of nature's call, that cries for vengeance,  
The voice of gratitude must still be heard.  
Oh ! thou, so late my daughter ! thou ! whom, yet,  
'Spite of these tears, I call by that lov'd name !  
Mistake not my pursuit. — I cannot wish  
Those horrible reliefs, that rise, from blood.  
It shocks me, thro' a soul, that feels, for three ;  
Hard stroke of justice ! thus, to lose, at once,  
My daughter, my deliv'rer, and my son.

The council, with misguided view to sooth me,  
I'll chose my tongue, to tell their dreadful will.  
True, I receiv'd the charge : for, I had weigh'd it,  
And found it not impossible, to save you :  
*Zamor* might make it easy.

*Zam.* Can I ? tell me :

Can *Zamor* save *Alzira* ? ... quickly tell me :  
How ? — by what length of torments ? and, 'tis done.

*Alv.* Cast off thy idol-gods : and be a Christian.

*Zam.* That were deserving death, through fear of  
dying.

*Alv.* That single change reverses all our fates.  
Kind to the courted souls of *Pagan* converts,

H

We

We have a law, remits their body's doom.  
 This latent law, by heav'n's peculiar mercy,  
 Points out a road, and gives a right, to pardon.  
 Religion can disarm a Christian's anger.  
 Thy blood becomes a brother's, so converted,  
 And with a living son, repays a dead.  
 Prevented vengeance, seiz'd in her descent,  
 So rests, suspended, and declines to fall.  
 From thy new faith, *Alzira* draws new life;  
 And both are happy here, and bless'd hereafter.

Why art thou silent? is the task so hard,  
 That adds eternal life, to life, below?  
 Speak,—from thy choice, determine my relief.  
 Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a second being.  
 Thou robb'st me of a life: restore one, to me.  
 A childless father wishes thee to live.

*Alzira* is a Christian: be thou so.

'Tis all the recompence, my wrongs will urge.

*Zam.* [*To Alz.*] Shall we, thou fairest, noblest, boast  
 of beauty!

Shall we, so far, indulge our fear to die?  
 Shall the soul's baseness bid the body live?  
 Shall *Zamor*'s gods bow to the gods of *Carlos*?  
 Why wou'd *Alvarez* bend me, down, to shame?  
 Why wou'd he, thus, become the spirit's tyrant?

Into how strange a snare am I impell'd!

Either *Alzira* dies, or lives, to scorn me!

Tell me,---when fortune gave thee to my power,  
 Had I, at such a purchase, held thy life,

Tell me, with honest truth,...wou'd'st thou have bought  
 it?

*Alv.* I shou'd have pray'd the Power, I now im-  
 plore,

To widen, for his truth, a heart like thine:  
 Dark as it is, yet, worthy to be Christian.

*Zam.* [*To Alz.*] Death has no pain, but what I feel  
 for thee.

Life has no power to charm, but what thou giv'st it.  
 Thou, then, that art my soul, vouchsafe to guide it.

But,



But, think !...remember, ere thou bid'st me chuse !

'Tis on a matter, of more weight than life ;

'Tis on a subject, that concerns my gods :

And, all those gods, in one...my dear *Alzira* !

I trust it to thy honour,...speak,---and fix me.

If thou conceiv'st it shame, thou wilt disdain it.

*Alz.* Then, hear me *Zamor*—my unhappy father—

Dispos'd my willing heart, 'twixt heav'n, and thee :

The God, he chose, was mine :—thou may'st, per-  
haps,

Accuse it, as the weakness of my youth :

But, 'twas not so. My soul, enlarg'd, and clear,

Took in the solemn light of Christian truth.

I saw,—at least, I thought I saw, conviction.

And, when my lips abjur'd my country's gods,

My secret heart confirm'd the change, within.

But, had I wanted that directive zeal,

Had I renounc'd my gods, yet still believ'd 'em ;

That---had not been an error, but a baseness.

That had been mocking heav'n's whole host, at once ;

The powers I quitted, and the Power I chose.

A change like that, had err'd beyond the tongue ;

And taught the silent, servile soul, to lie.

I cou'd have wish'd, that faith had lent thee light,

But since it did not,---let thy virtue guide thee.

*Zam.* I knew thy gen'rous choice, before I heard it.

Who, that can die with thee, wou'd shun such death,

And live, to his own infamy?---Not *Zamor*.

*Alv.* Stubborn destroyers of your selves, and me !

Whom honour renders blind, and virtue cruel !

[*A dead March.*]

Hark !—the time presses.—These are sounds of  
sorrow.

*Enter Don ALONZO, follow'd by a mix'd Crowd, of SPA-  
NIARDS and AMERICANS, mournful. EZMONT.*

*Alon.* We bring, obedient to his last command,

Our dying captain, your unhappy son,

Who lives no longer, than to reach your bosom.

A

A furious crowd of his lamenting friends  
Press, to attend him, and revenge his blood.

*Enter DON CARLOS : brought in by SPANISH Soldiers,  
and surrounded by a number of Followers, some of whom  
advance to seize ALZIRA.*

*Zam. [Interposing] Wretches! keep distance.—I let  
Alzira live:*

Mine was the single guilt,—be mine the vengeance.

*Alz.* Be feasted, ye officious hounds of blood :

Guiltless or guilty, 'tis my choice, to die.

*Alv.* My son! my dying son?—this silent paleness,  
This look, speaks for thee, and forbids all hope.

*Zam. [To D. Car.]* Even to the last then, thou maintain'st thy hate ?

Come—see me suffer : mark my eye : and scorn me,  
If my expiring soul confesses fear.

Look—and be taught, at least, to die—by *Zamor*.

*Car [To Zam.]* I have no time, to copy out thy virtues:

But, there are some of mine, I come to teach thee.

I shou'd, in life, have given thy pride example :

Take it (too late) in death : and mark it, well.

*[To Alv.]* Sir, my departing spirit staid its journey,  
First, 'till my eyes might leave their beams in yours ;

And their dim lights expire, amidst your blessing.

Next, what you taught me, 'tis my task to show,

And die, the son of your paternal virtue.

—— Eager in life's warm race, I never stopp'd,  
To look behind me, and review my way.

But, at the gole, before I judg'd it near,

I start,——and recollect forgotten slidings.

On the grave's serious verge, I turn,—and see  
Humanity effac'd, to cherish pride :

Heaven has reveng'd the earth—and heav'n is just !

Cou'd my own blood but expiate all I shed,

All, my rash sword has drawn, from suff'ring innocence,  
I shou'd lie down in dust,——and rest in peace.

Cheated by prosp'rous fortune, death deals plainly ;  
But—I have learn'd to live, when life forsakes me.

Safe,

Safe, and forgiven, be the hand I fall by.  
 Power is, yet, mine: and it absolves my murder.  
 Live, my proud enemy; and live, in freedom.  
 Live, and observe, tho' Christians oft act ill,  
 They must forgive ill actions, in another.

*Exmont*, my friend! and you, ye friendless *Indians*!  
 Subjects, not slaves! be rul'd, henceforth, by law.  
 Be grateful to my pity, tho' 'twas late;  
 And teach your country's Kings, to fear no longer.

Rival, learn, hence, the diff'rence, 'twixt our gods:  
 Thine have inspir'd thee to pursue revenge:  
 But, mine, when that revenge had reach'd my life,  
 Command me to esteem, and give thee pardon.

*Alv.* Virtues like these, my son, secure thy peace:  
 But double the distress of us, who lose thee.

*Alx.* Of all the painful wonders thou hast caus'd me,  
 This change, this language, will afflict me, most!

*Zam.* Die, soon, or live for ever. If thou, thus,  
 Go'st on, to charm my anger into envy,  
 I shall repent, I was not born, a Christian,  
 And hate the justice, that compell'd my blow!

*Car.* I will go farther, yet; I will not leave thee,  
 Till I have soften'd vengeance, into friendship.

Mournful *Alzira* has been too unhappy:  
 Lov'd, to distress, and married to misfortune!  
 I wou'd do something, to atone her wrongs:  
 And, with a softer sense, imprint her pity.  
 Take her—and owe her, to the hand she hates.  
 Live,—and remember me, without a curse.  
 Resume lost empire, o'er your conquer'd states:  
 Be friends, to *Spain*: nor enemies, to *Carlos*.

[*To Alv.*] Vouchsafe my claim, Sir, to this son, this  
 daughter:

And be, both father, and protector here.  
 May heav'n, and you, be kind! and they be Christians!

*Zam.* I stand immoveable,—confus'd!—astonish'd!  
 If these are Christian virtues, I am Christian.

The faith, that can inspire this gen'rous change,  
 Must be divine—and glows with all its God!

—Friendship,

—Friendship, and constancy, and right, and pity,  
 All these, were lessons, I had learnt, before.  
 But, this unnat'ral grandeur of the soul  
 Is more than mortal: and out-reaches virtue.  
 It draws,—It charms,—It binds me, to be Christian.  
 It bids me blush, at my remember'd rashness:  
 Curse my revenge—and pay thee all my love.

[*Throws himself at his feet.*]

*Alz.* A widow'd wife, blushing to be thus late,  
 In her acknowledgment of tender pity;  
 Low, at your injur'd feet, with prostrate heart,

[*Kneels with Zamor.*]

Weeps your untimely death: and thanks your goodness,  
 —Torn, by contending passions, I want power,  
 To speak, a thousand truths, I see you merit:  
 But, honour, and confess,—your greatness, wrong'd.

*Car.* Weep not, *Alzira*.—I forgive, again.  
 —For the last time, my father! lend your bosom.  
 Live, to be bless'd!—and make *Alzira* so!

Remember, *Zamor*,—that a Christian—Oh! [*Dies.*]

*Alv.* [*To Ezm.*] I see the hand of heav'n, in our misfortune.

But, justice strikes: and sufferers must submit.

Woes are good counsellors: and, kindly, show,  
 What prosp'rous pride disdains to let us know,  
 While in triumphant swell, on joy's light stream,  
 Down dance our wanton hopes, through life's gay dream,

No care alarms, no cool reflection shakes:  
 But all one pleasure, all one madness, makes,  
 Not so, when sorrow's bitter taste is known!  
 Then, graft we sighs, for others, on our own.  
 Then, the mind widening, takes in sense, of all:  
 And pardon's voice we hear; and pity's call.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. GIFFARD.

**T**HE fifth Act past, you'll think it strange, to find  
My Scene of deep Distress is, yet, behind!  
Task'd, for the Epilogue, I fear you'll blame  
My want—of what you love, behind that Name.  
But, for my Soul, I can't, from such high scening,  
Descend, plum down at once,—to double-meaning.  
Judges! protect me—and pronounce it fit,  
That solemn Sense, shou'd end, with serious Wit.

When the full Heart o'erflows, with pleasing Pain,  
Why should we wish, to make th' Impression vain?  
Why, when two thinking Hours, have fixt the Play,  
Shou'd two light Moments, laugh it's Use away?  
'Twere to proclaim your Virtues but a Jest,  
Should they who ridicule 'em, please you best.

No,——at your Actors Hands, henceforth, require  
Off'rings more apt; and a sublimer Fire!  
Thoughts, that may rivet, not efface, the Scene:  
Aids to the Mind: not Flatt'ries for the Spleen.  
When Love, Hate, Pity,—Doubt, Hope, Grief, and Rage,  
With clashing Infl'ence, fire the glowing Stage;  
When the touch'd Heart, relenting into Woe,  
From others Fate, does its own Dangers know;  
When soft'ning Tendernefs unlocks, the Mind,  
And the stretch'd Bosom takes in all Mankind:  
Sure! 'tis no Time, for the bold Hand of Wit  
To snatch back Virtues, from the plunder'd Pit!

Still

## E P I L O G U E.

*Still be it ours, to give you Scenes, thus strong,  
And yours, to cherish, and retain 'em, long!  
Then, shall the Stage its general Use endear;  
And every Virtue, gather Firmness, here.  
Pow'r be, to Pardon,——Wealth to Pity, mov'd;  
And Truth be taught the Art, to grow below'd;  
Women, to charm, with fast, and sure, Effect;  
And Men, to love 'em, with a soft Respect.  
'Till Wit, found useful, goes for more than Name,  
And all who feel its Influence fan its Flame.*

F I N I S.